

THE RAMBLER.

VOL. VI. *New Series.*

AUGUST 1856.

PART XXXII.

THE CHEVALIER BUNSEN ON "THE SIGNS OF THE TIMES."

IF we may infer principles from practice, we should say that all the teaching world is at the present moment convinced of the convenience, if not of the truth and necessity, of a claim to infallibility. Philosophers have at length found out that it is the weakness of philosophy to make men aware that they know nothing, and thus to lead them to open their mouths and draw in their breath when any real and substantial information is offered to them in a positive form. Philosophy while she thus acted was ancillary to revelation—was a kind of bell to call men to the Church. But it is now discovered to have been a sad blunder, and one that her professors are resolved at all hazards to correct. The idea that their schools should be merely porches to the Church, and they themselves only foragers and pioneers for the clergy, is more than they can endure. So they have determined to set up for themselves—to assert that philosophy is religion; that the lecture-room is just as secure as the pulpit; that when you understand infallibility aright, philosophy is in fact infallible, for it explains and justifies all the various and contradictory tenets of mankind; that she alone comprehends in her wide bosom all the partial truths that nature reveals, alone has a right to speak in the name of nature. Hence philosophers have dropped their tone of irony, of scepticism, of doubt. They no longer proclaim, with Hume, that "the most perfect philosophy of the natural kind only staves off our ignorance a little longer; as perhaps the most perfect philosophy of the moral or metaphysical kind serves only to discover larger portions of it. Thus the observation of human blindness and weakness is the result of all philosophy, and meets us at every turn, in spite of all our endeavours to avoid it." They no longer sneer at religion, draw a line between its domain and their own, or place themselves in open

opposition to it. But they fight against religion in the name of religion; oppose faith in terms of faith; destroy the Christian hope in the interests of hope, and undermine love under pretence of charity. A simple-minded old lady might read their lucubrations with the impression that she was perusing an ascetically-religious meditation; she might turn up her eyes and bless God that Voltaire's disciples had developed into such exceedingly moral and religious individuals. Take even the most atrocious red-republican, the worshipper of the stiletto and of the guillotine,—even he will not dare to vent his black venom against the Church except in the name of some sort of religion: your Achillis and Gavazzis will be fanatics for the Protestant cause; while your Ubicinis will perhaps find out that the Koran is, after all, better than the Bible. "Christianity," says the last luminary, "was founded on the principle of absolute equality, but soon departed from it by the establishment of a Church and of distinct temporal and spiritual authorities: 'Render to Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's'—Islamism acknowledges no Cæsar!"

Unfortunately there are so many negative religions in the world, that it is now easy enough to invest negation with the garb of religion; to abuse Catholicity in defence of Protestantism or Islamism, even to pull God off His throne in the name of the sentimental and transcendental naturalism so much in vogue at the present day. "Let us enter a mosque," says the same Ubicini; "there we shall behold no vain ornaments worthless in the sight of the Divine Majesty, and tending to divert the attention of the faithful from their prayers; we shall see nothing but a few verses of the Koran inscribed on the walls, two pulpits, and mats and carpets scrupulously clean for the knees of the worshippers; no pews, no seats of honour, no reserved places,—only men engaged in prayer, abstracted and absorbed in their devotions. If the sultan accidentally enters the mosque, he takes the first vacant place; and the beggar by whom he stands does not even turn to regard him. There are no collections—no alms-boxes. The mosque is the house of prayer—the house of God; and no human interests—no thought of earth must penetrate within its walls." Amiable Ubicini! for a moment he can forget the interests of Marianne (or whatever other club he may frequent), and lose himself in absorbed contemplation of the "Divine Majesty," the beauty of prayer, the simplicity of holiness. He can put off the hirsute Brutus, and become mere white curd of asses' milk, soft enough for the squeamish swallow of a Clapham devotee! And yet we may say without breach of charity that this interesting enthusiast for the cause of religion only

"worships God for spite;" praises the Koran because he hates the Bible; has a good word for the sultan in hopes that his praises will be as a dagger to the Austrian Cæsar.

These remarks were first suggested to us by the perusal of *The Signs of the Times*; a work by the Chevalier Bunsen on "the dangers to religious liberty in the present state of the world:" a subject which affords great facilities for the foaming of the prophet, where the penetration of the politician is at fault; and Dr. Bunsen has made the most of his opportunities. We do not remember reading such paradoxical pedantry, such muddy mystification, as occur in this book; but doubtless it is the characteristic of an extraordinary talent to envelop the tritest truisms in the most foggy forms, to set up whole ranks of opaque words between the thought and the mind, to make the merest mud-bank loom through the mist as an island of the blessed, and to place a counterfeit halfpenny in the cabinet of the collector if its legend is sufficiently obscured by "patina" and rust.

For instance, we think we have seen somewhere the remark made that all human institutions are transient and evanescent. Bunsen improves on this old simplicity of diction by telling us not that they are transient, but "forfeit to fate as conditioned,"—and that they either die out naturally, or commit a kind of suicide, and "go to destruction when they try to become absolute;" as if a being which felt that its conditionality was the ground of its "forfeiture to fate" was not perfectly justified in trying to evade such a destiny by making itself absolute! However, Dr. Bunsen thinks otherwise, and traces to this cause all the present dangers of European society. "The instinctive striving after unconditional expansion has its source not in the God-appointed destiny of humanity in itself, but in the blindness of the selfish element in our nature, which desires to make the me into the centre of all things." There is, then, a kind of manichæan duality in man's nature; the good portion being loosely expressed as "the God-appointed destiny of humanity in itself," and the other as "the selfish element in our nature." Yet, in spite of this pretended contradiction of nature, in spite of the inherent corruption of at least part of our mass, Dr. Bunsen is unable to find any higher destination for man than the development of his whole nature: a natural expansion of "humanity in itself," of human life in the family, in society, and in national institutions, is assumed by him to be the highest thing in the whole range of being, visible or invisible, created or uncreated. This philosophic socialism is the golden image that he has set up in his own private oratory, and whose worship he wishes to propagate through the

world ; identical in fundamental principles with the socialism of Ubigini or Mazzini, it is only in accidental points, such as what nationalities are to be preserved, what social institutions are to be developed or repressed, that he differs from these reformers. With them he acknowledges no religion, no destination of man, but that which Fichte dreamed before him—the social perfection of mankind. To this idol, with a plodding perseverance and arrogant assumption of infallibility, he applies the endearing terms that the worshippers of God apply to Him; he ransacks the Bible for popular phrases to decorate the periods of his liturgy ; and with the coolest effrontery he assumes that whoever makes merry over his (Bunsen's) creed commits the unpardonable sin of blasphemy against the Holy Ghost. The spirit of humanity, in spite of its acknowledged instinctive blindness and selfishness, is the only Holy Spirit he recognises.

Thus, when Baron Ketteler, the Bishop of Mayence, in a pastoral issued on the festival of St. Boniface last year, reproached his German countrymen with several grave faults, which he traces to the great schism of the sixteenth century—such as the infidel philosophy which has spread over Europe from Germany ; the decay of the old German loyalty and conscience ; the disunion of the German race ;—and when he adds that these things have rendered Germany responsible before God for the ills of other portions of the Catholic Church, which she has scandalised by her writings, her example, or her influence,—Dr. Bunsen feels moved to the centre at such daring ribaldry, and protests that "it reminds him but too strongly of those words of our Lord, exhorting His hearers to beware of the sin against the Holy Ghost, which could not be forgiven, for him to dwell on it without a shudder. He can only hope that the bishop did not know what he was saying." And then he seeks to justify his assumption by the following attempt at argument : "He who denies all conscience to his own nation, to which he owes his birth and moral culture, excommunicates her from all participation in the Spirit of God, in so far as she does not think as he does on Church matters And just because no one can blaspheme the spirit in humanity without blaspheming or denying God himself, are we bound to speak of the children of our common mother (Germany) with affection, and of herself with reverence ; and we repeat it, above all, of such a mother and such a people, and in such a conjuncture for our fatherland and the world."

Very profound, no doubt ; worthy of Heraclitus the obscure. But let us remind our readers that the profound is not necessarily the wise ; that there is a bathos of stark folly quite

as deep and dark as the ocean of truth; and that the leaky buckets of the illogical cant of transcendentalists are much better adapted to hold the muddy slime of folly than the limpid waters of truth. That which is brought to us in a vessel with a hole in its bottom is but a suspicious beverage, after all.

Again, whether he proves that the spirit of humanity is the Spirit of God, or that St. Patrick was a Protestant, or that St. Boniface was not the apostle of Germany,—in what does this doctor differ from the vulgarest fanatic, except in the mists of circumlocution in which he wraps up his ideas? "*Dio e popolo*" was the motto of the Roman revolutionists; and Bunsen teaches that the people is the incarnation and manifestation of God. Itinerant mountebanks go about England teaching the same nonsense about the Protestantism of St. Patrick as this learned historian seriously assumes in his pages. Like them, he carries his aversion to Popery so far as to boast of the direct descent of his sect from Gnostics and Arians, Manichæans or devil-worshippers, rather than own any claims of Rome upon his hereditary respect.

And with all his pretence of religion, and cant about philanthropy, he is even a more insidious enemy of mankind than the more reckless revolutionists and red-republicans; for, after all, their assumption of religion is little more than a pleasantry, and is ridiculed by themselves and others when they are in their more honest moods. But Bunsen, with all the prestige of a veteran politician, an amiable and agreeable man, a man of letters, a philosopher, historian, and doctor of divinity, never once screws his mouth into the faintest smile, nor droops his eyelid into the remotest resemblance of a wink, which might be interpreted into an acknowledgment of conscious imposture. With the most earnest, and apparently most honest seriousness, he proceeds to lop away the real end of man, and to substitute for it an end which virtually denies the chief attributes of humanity. Dr. Bunsen has lived much in England, and in general he admires our life, and proposes it as a thing to be imitated by other nations. He never considers that our material prosperity, were it double what it is; our fleets and armies; our diplomacy, half-bullying, half-bamboozling; our mercantile overreaching and underselling; our perpetual excitement about transport and locomotion, about prices and produce; our exhaustion of life in the mere multiplication of the means and appendages of living,—is not only beneath the real destiny of man, but also utterly inadequate to give full employment to his rational powers. Man need not be so human, so rational as he is, if his destiny is only such as Bunsen would place before him. You might dock off several

of his intellectual faculties, and reduce him so many steps nearer to mere animality, without his finding the loss at all inconvenient,—without in the least disabling him from the attainment of the end proposed. So conscious are we English of this, that we glory in, while (*absit omen*) M. Montalembert envies, one of our most notorious deficiencies—namely, our want of precision of intellect, our want of logic, consistency, and coherence. “*Tout d’abord l’Angleterre, heureusement pour elle, ne pratique pas le culte de la logique. Elle s’est de tout temps réservé l’usage illimité de la plus éclatante inconséquence, avec le droit de ne pas sacrifier sa gloire, son bonheur, et sa sécurité à une logique plus ou moins irréprochable.*” But instead of eternally glorying in our floundering into fortune, blundering into luck, doing better without logic and reason than those who use both,—would it not be as well sometimes to ask ourselves whether, after all, that can be the highest aim of man for which the highest powers of his reason are not required? Whether, when we despise logic as useless, it is not because we have renounced a destiny which requires intellect to work out? Might not our routine of circumlocutions, our government, our state, our luxury, our commerce, our whole national activity, go on just as well if we had no faculties for aught above space and time—no powers of pure thought, of metaphysical abstraction, of mystical devotion? Generally, the more a man gives himself up to the cultivation of the higher faculties of his intellect, and the more profound he becomes in metaphysics or theology, the less fitted is he found to play an active part in the world, and to withstand the wily measures of animal cunning that form the staple of the drama of life. Hence practical men despise such culture, as unfitting man for life, and beside his practical end. They never think of asking themselves whether their aims are not rather beneath the evident intention of our faculties, which they render useless.

Yet, in spite of all this, men of such different characters and schools as Montalembert, Bunsen, and Remusat, are with one voice recommending the adoption of English theories and English institutions to the old societies of Europe—to those societies which still recognise the truth, that there is something higher in contemplation than in action, in intellect than in physical force, in thought than in prosperity and luxury. Not that these writers would deprive continental societies of their mental excellence; but that they would preserve the higher stage of humanity, and yet occupy it on an object that is inadequate to its aspirations. They would commit the historical and moral solecism of employing Greek acuteness on

Tyrian commerce, or Hebrew mysticism on the objects of Roman ambition. If you will have the mental and spiritual gifts of Greece and Judæa, you must be content to forego the wealth of Tyre and Carthage, and the empire of Rome. In order to succeed in these lower objects, you must cultivate those lower qualities of your nature which come nearest animality, and are best expressed by animal names—dogged perseverance, pig-headed obstinacy, vulpine craft, and lion-like courage. You must allow your higher and exclusively human faculties to lie more or less in abeyance, as being rather an impediment than an assistance to you in attaining the end you propose.

We must say, indeed, that we English are at least more logical in renouncing logic after we have deliberately chosen our object, than those people who wish to attain our object and keep their reason to boot. That men, fond above all things of the profundities of metaphysical research, should first cultivate to their utmost their understanding and their reason, only in order to employ them afterwards on a work that is not worthy of them, to subordinate the mind to the advancement of the material prosperity which either it mars or which mars it, or to the inspection and statistics of the material world, so manifestly its inferior and its drudge, is a solecism at least. For pigs to be pig-minded is good; but to retain the aim and object of the hog, and to cultivate a human intelligence for the pursuit of this object, is an absurdity that a solid pig would disdain, if you could but get him to comprehend its meaning.

And yet such seems to be the object of a great school of writers—namely, to render man content with a destiny inadequate to his faculties, to persuade him that, in spite of his faculties, in spite of the mystical longing which naturally exists in many minds for an object above nature, there is, in fact, no such object, but that he must be content with nature or with nothing. What, then, are we to do with our higher faculties? Why, employ them on nature, say they; no speculations are so silly or trivial but they can be enhanced by a grand twilight of verbiage, may be made to loom through a magnificent haze of dusky dimness, till their dimensions are exaggerated to gigantic proportions. These higher faculties have nothing to do with ideas, only with words; use them on words; there you may find an outlet for the hardest thinking and for the boldest pretension.

And if this will not satisfy your mystical aspirations, why should you not let them have their swing? May not a man be inspired by the spirit of humanity as well as by any other

spirit? "Look," says Bunsen, "at the immortal seer of Gortitz, the pious Jacob Böhme." Bunsen himself, too, hints at some claims of his own to a similar inspiration; else with what face could he invite us to rise with him to the full light of apostolic knowledge, unless he believed himself somehow in possession of that plenary illumination? This inspiration finds vent throughout the volume in excessively apocalyptic apothegms, which will doubtless be vaunted by his friends as the utterances of an exalted spirit, with a deep intuition of nature and of man.

Let us give a few specimens of these utterances before we go on to the gist of this article, which we promise shall appear either *in corpore* or in the postscript. First, let us produce a novel theory on what constituted the fall of man: Bunsen has discovered that it was a misdirected zeal for God. "It is *our* God whom we defend or avenge when we are filled with zeal against those of an opposite faith. But to appropriate what belongs to God is the very essence of all selfishness, the true fall of man." To suppose that the dogmas we believe are more true than those which any body else believes, is to appropriate God, to claim Him, or the knowledge of Him, as our exclusive possession; and this is the true fall of man. Original sin, then, consists in believing that, for instance, our God is any more the true God than Jupiter or Brahma!

Another utterance: after boasting of the wonderful privilege of the United Evangelical Prussian Church, which gives its members choice of any or all of three different formulas of faith, Bunsen goes on to speak of its thoroughly Lutheran liturgy: he wishes it to be delivered from its present crippled condition (it was compiled by the late king, and is an average specimen of a royal composition), and to be made thoroughly congregational. "Then," says he, "it would not only be brought nearer to the Reformed (Calvinist), but also to the Apostolic, and therefore truly Evangelical Church, and thereby to the fundamental idea of Luther." Take a Lutheran liturgy, says our doctor, make it more Calvinistic, and you thereby make it more Lutheran. The fact is, he rather gives up the concrete Luther, and betakes himself to an ideal, which he calls the spirit of Luther. He wants to see more of this spirit in Prussia, and less Lutheranism. Luther's own scholars and disciples have failed to develop their master's thought aright; his real spirit was forgotten, and a pretender occupied his place, till Bunsen came, and Luther's spirit was born from his brain. Will the Prussians really be sheepish enough to allow this astute doctor to conduct them into stark Calvinism, simply by the ruse of calling it the "spirit of Luther?"

Another utterance: "The opposition between Luther and Calvin vanishes in the Gospel, as that between Peter and Paul does in Christ." Rather, we should say, the Gospel vanishes between Luther and Calvin. But we ought to remember that Bunsen probably means *his* gospel, his hazy "common Christianity," which remains after abstracting all that the various Protestant sects debate or deny. In this loose negative Christianity certainly all opposition ceases: judged by its rules, a Jew or a Mussulman is as good a Christian as Bunsen or Böhme. But what is the meaning of the opposition between Peter and Paul vanishing in Christ, unless, as we suspect the Prussian theologian to mean, Christ is a mere term for humanity in general—for man? Take any number of different men, Peter and Paul among the number, strip off all individual characteristics, and there remains nothing but the generic idea, the universal humanity, or man; and this he calls Christ. We suspect that Bunsen in these words intends to deny the historical existence of our Lord in His personal manifestation as the Son of Mary.

This mystification is nothing but the old hypocrisy of heretics, which has now fallen to the inheritance of the philosophers. * As the Arians, according to the complaint of St. Hilary, put on the mask of piety, and pretended to labour in preaching the Gospel, in order to deny Him whom they were supposed to preach; so do our modern hypocrites take the most sacred names in their mouths, while in their hearts they deny Him whom these names designate; substituting new meanings for old terms, introducing a new Christ, who is either nothing, or else Antichrist; and deceiving the people by a pretended adherence to old orthodox formulas. To persons who play this game, mystification is a necessity; pretence and imposture must be bolstered up with quibble and obscurity: thieves do not rob by daylight, nor do impostures walk abroad in intelligible and luminous forms. They rather affect the illogical obscurity of transcendentalism, contradictions, equivocations, well-calculated reticences, imperfect retractations, truncated formulas, as ambuscades wherein to conceal their batteries.

But, after all, there must be something more than mystification in a writer who possesses such unquestionable power as Bunsen. He could never have gained such wide popularity, and such a fame for depth, merely from being dark. Like other heretics, Bunsen has doubtless pursued some phase of truth, however he has exaggerated and distorted it. To understand a heresy, this distorted truth should be diligently inquired for; and when found, should be as far as possible

honestly acknowledged. For truth, even though distorted, has such a relation to man, such a hold on his heart and intellect, that if, in condemning a man's errors, you pull up the wheat with the cockle, you are sure to impress upon his soul an invincible opinion of your want, not of justice only, but of understanding also. He will be indignant, obstinate, and confirmed in his error; there will be something within him that tells him he is not wholly wrong; and on this slender foundation of conscious rectitude his pride and his anger will build a vast mass of falsity and mischief. Let us, then, in a spirit of fairness, turn from Bunsen the frothy prophet to Bunsen the keen observer and successful politician.

The object of the work we have been examining is to account, and to find a remedy, for the prevalent alienation of the people from the ecclesiastical institutions of Europe. The fact is unquestionable, that both in Catholic and Protestant countries the churches in general are ill attended, and the Sacraments scantily frequented, in proportion to the population. What is the reason of this general apathy of the laity? What is the remedy for it? Bunsen attributes its cause to the gradual lapse of the lay element of the congregation, and the consequent gathering up of all religious functions into clerical hands. But this is no reason—it is merely a new way of stating the question; he has still to account for the lapse of the lay element; how and when did the laity begin to lose their interest in Church matters? However, we will let Dr. Bunsen speak without interruption. All functions, he tells us, have fallen into the hands of representatives, instead of being the common act of the whole body. Worship has become an act of the clergy, at which the laity may assist or not as they please, instead of the service performed by the whole congregation; and even in sects where the clerical element has been most completely eliminated, the functions of the clergy, instead of returning to the congregation, have fallen into the hands of a kind of secular hierarchy, those, namely, of the civil power and the police. All is still done for the people; not now by bishops and clergy, but by ministers of state, by soldiers and policemen. The people is still nothing—representatives all in all: and this is the real cause of the low state of religion in Prussia. "The great mass of society in Germany close their minds against any kind of mystery, as mystification; and reject every means of exciting the religious feeling, because they regard them all but as so many attempts at galvanisation on the part of the police. Once for all, the people stay away from church out of sheer aversion to a police-church."

"Hitherto," continues our author, "the social contest, in Germany at least, has been between these police-churches and churches with the Catholic hierarchical system;" both are in his eyes the offspring of sheer absolutism and tyranny; though the latter, as more honest, is preferable. "Despotism against despotism, the secular power will always have the worst of it; and regarded simply as a contest between these two powers, it is just and right that it should be so." Here, then, comes in the second question of the book; where is Dr. Bunsen to find a more successful antagonist of clerical despotism than the Josephine or Napoleonic counter-despotisms have proved themselves to be?

To find such a champion, he scrutinises the social phenomena of Europe; and among them he distinguishes two great antagonist principles, which threaten to divide the world. These are, the spirit of association, almost peculiar, as he thinks, to Protestantism; and the hierarchical or ultramontane spirit, most rife among Catholics, but working also in the pseudo-sacerdotal puerilities of the Puseyites, and in the proceedings of the "retrograde" party of the Prussian Lutherans. He professes great fear and uncertainty about the present result of the contest of these principles; but he believes that at last the spirit of association, and the free action of the congregation, unbiased, or at least not controlled, by clerical influence, will overcome the hierarchical element, and establish a constitutional religious freedom, analogous to the civil liberty of the English.

At present, however, the hierarchical spirit pervades the world. Every where he discovers the pretensions of the clerical office to a Divine right over conscience, and, as far as may be, over the whole mental culture of the human race. But by its side he also every where perceives the ever-growing aspiration of the nations for freedom of conscience, and for the enfranchisement of education from clerical supervision. The latter is the Protestant, the former the Catholic element of society. The Catholic hierarchy has, indeed, made faint attempts to make use of the principle of association as an instrument; but such cases are strikingly distinguished from Protestant societies, by the limitation of lay activity to the raising of funds to be spent by the clergy; while the Protestant associations are founded, formed, governed, and administered by laymen.

"These associations," he says, "have deeply penetrated Protestant life; the annual collection of £0,000,000 dollars is a little thing compared to the intercourse they bring about between so many millions of men. Over the face of almost

the whole earth weekly missionary meetings are held, in which communications are made concerning the faith, the doings, the sufferings of the brethren; hymns are sung, and often a stirring address delivered. The original impulse towards the formation of these institutions came from the Protestants, and has sprung from the sentiment of the *oneness* of that Church, whose many members are scattered over the whole earth, but which speaks one language, *just because every nation speaks in her own tongue.*" Happy Church; the symbol and crown of whose unity is the curse of Babel! Let us, however, just hint that Protestant societies may have arisen out of the total absence of individual self-sacrifice; just because no one among them was found to sacrifice self, life, and fortune to the propagation of the faith, they have tried to substitute some trifling pecuniary sacrifice made by each. It is a very good thing in itself, but no real substitute for the self-consuming fire of Catholic charity. Next, we may be allowed to object that these weekly meetings for the purpose of hearing about the conversions of savages, of the faith of the neophytes, often lead both to a repulsive hypocrisy and lying exaggeration on one side, and to a morbid curiosity on the other; so absorbing, that an elect sister can hardly write a note to her lawyer without interrogating him in a postscript about "his house, his family, and his eternal hopes."

But to return to Bunsen: according to him, the hierarchy can only use this element of association as a tool for its own ends; the real establishment of the principle would be the annihilation of its power; for, failing to distinguish between the functions of the clergy as dispensers of the gifts of God to man, and as administrators of the property and rights of the church and congregation, he can see nothing in the priest but a functionary of the congregation, who has by the apathy of the people been allowed to get the power into his own hands: destroy, therefore, their apathy, and you undermine his power. The priest, he considers, has nothing which he does not originally derive from the congregation—(for we must remember that with him the spirit of humanity is the same as the Holy Ghost)—just as kings owe their prerogatives to the original and implied consent of their subjects: hence he thinks that a hierarchy has no other footing of right to govern than a bureaucracy, than a police-system, which in the name of the state extends its tutelage to the minutest details of life, and recognises no sphere of independent action whatever beside its own; and more particularly excludes all independent congregational action. Bureaucracy he considers to be the tyranny

of the usurping functionaries of the civil congregation,—hierarchy that of the functionaries of the religious congregation; both the tools of tyrants, and the instruments of the oppression of the people; both guilty of an unprincipled warfare against the spirit of humanity, the authority and majesty of the congregational will, and the supremacy of its legislative power. And though theoretically he allows hierarchy to be the more honest, yet he finds it more intolerable than bureaucracy in its inquisition into opinions and private morals, and in its spirit of persecution. He owns that religious persecution and proselytism at the point of the sword have in times past characterised all the noble races of men; while, on the other hand, national tolerance has been the sign of social degradation; yet now, seeing that men's minds have become unsettled—seeing that all our philosopher's acquaintance are "still seeking after objective truth,"—nothing can be said in defence of persecution beyond the admission that it was unquestionably the error of the grand races of mankind.

In spite of this uncertainty with regard to objective truth, Bunsen is so complacently certain of the divine right of the congregation, that he makes no scruple of approving of every case of persecution of the hierarchy in the name, not of the congregation only, but even of the bureaucracy. Napoleon and Joseph were despots, yet Bunsen condemns the Archbishop of Freiburg and the authors of the Austrian Concordat for violating their principles; and when he speaks about the Jesuits, he urges governments to insist on their exclusion, on the ground of the existing laws against them, which he yet owns emanated directly from the rankest bureaucracies. "Bishops," he says, "only demand freedom for themselves;"—how much more true is this of men like Bunsen, who have the bureaucratic spirit so interwoven with their fibre, that even in pretending to oppose it, they unconsciously assume its postulates.

After this juggling feat, first conceding the hierarchy to be more tolerable than bureaucracy, and then gradually twisting himself round on the pivot of his weathercock logic till he comes to defend each bureau in its actual battles with each bishop, Bunsen enters on a consideration of the particular claims of the clergy to a supervision of marriage, education, and Church-property. All these matters have evidently a mixed character, partly civil, partly religious; yet in all he affirms that the supreme and ultimate power belongs to the state. Concerning marriage, can the state grant a divorce? By the Christian law, he says, nothing can dissolve marriage but death; but then he argues that adultery is death! Thus

does he bring in the power of the state, by attributing to it the power of interpreting the Christian law. Then he affirms the power of the state to compel the priest to celebrate mixed marriages, even when there is no pledge about the education of the children. He demands that the Catholic priest shall by performing his function openly before the Church acknowledge the Christian character of that woman's conduct, who, professing to believe that no one can be saved outside the Church, yet, from considerations of money or love, promises to bring up the fruits of her own body in ignorance of the Catholic faith, and in the way of damnation. We do not wish to prevent apostasy by persecution; but do not attempt to compel us to approve publicly what may be, and logically ought to be, the first step of apostasy for the woman, and the sacrifice of her children to Moloch.

Next, concerning education, he owns the right of the pastors of the Church to see that their flocks are educated in their religion, and especially to educate candidates for the clerical office; but at the same time he affirms for the state the right of participating in their examinations, and satisfying itself that they come up to the standard of its university education. He says that a boy admitted early into a seminary is at twenty-one fit for nothing but to be a priest; and that he either is compelled to be one with or without vocation, or must for all his life repent an education which has cut him off from the world, and left him no opportunity to repair his deficiencies. The state, therefore, has a right to demand that his education shall be of a general kind, in order that it may be serviceable to him in the event of his being cast on the world. Moreover, he asserts that the bishops only set up their seminaries and colleges in order to destroy the governmental gymnasia and lyceums; he does not seem able to admit into his imagination the possibility of the bishops wishing to have a selection of subjects elsewhere than among the disciples of Kant, Hegel, and Schelling, or of their suspecting the bureaus of the charitable intention of giving all the Catholic young men a chance of becoming infidel before they decide on being priests. The interests of science may be very great; but it is better that a candidate for the priesthood should be ignorant of the laws of electricity, of comparative grammar, or of the solution of impossible roots, than that he should have a leaning to the opinion that there is no God, or if there is, that He is the spirit of humanity.

Concerning ecclesiastical property, the state, according to Bunsen, is both owner and administrator; for the clergy are but functionaries of one limited phase of social and civil life,

namely, the religious element; they are servants of the state or congregation, not its masters.

Of course we cannot help a Protestant's disbelieving the possibility of God's graces being ordinarily dispensed through the hands of the clergy; what we complain of is, that the so-called philosopher and historian cannot even rise to the conception of the possibility of the Catholic laity entertaining such an idea, and so assuming that we Catholic laymen are the natural and necessary enemies of the hierarchy, opposers of its pretensions, deniers of its powers;—that we, who seek absolution at their hands, look upon them as mere men, exercising a power delegated to them not by God but by ourselves, elected and designated by the votes of the congregation. Nothing can be more unworthy a man like Bunsen, or can bring more suspicion upon either his penetration or his honesty. The fact is, that, civilly and politically speaking, the power of the Catholic Church, like that of Protestantism, rests upon its congregations—their numbers, their union, their wealth. It is not bishops against congregations; but congregations who believe in bishops against congregations who pretend to believe in the Bible only, and who tolerate no intervention, not even that of the Blessed Virgin herself, "between their conscience and their God."

It is for this reason, because the people are the substance and the mass of the Church, that we quote Bunsen's arguments. In the first place, even his own principle of the supreme authority of the "spirit of humanity" ought to lead him to acknowledge some right in the hierarchy; as an autocrat who is supported by the enthusiastic and loudly-expressed loyalty of his subjects cannot be called a tyrant, but has right on his side, and is unassailable on the ground of usurpation of popular rights, so priests, bishops, and pope, while supported by the faith of the Catholic congregations, have, on Bunsen's own principles, a perfect right to all the influence they command. The "divine spirit of humanity" speaks just as much through Catholic as through Protestant congregations. Do we Catholic laymen count for nothing in his eyes? does he think that he will influence us by treating us as poor fools, blind followers of scheming clergy, not worthy to have our voices heard or our votes collected? especially, does he think that we are likely to receive the oily speech of a partisan pretending to speak in the name of human nature, but in reality assuming the truth of the narrowest sectarian principles, and talking about the conclusions of his own impalpable exegesis as demonstratively evident to all honest men, and treating all his opponents as arrogant prelates or ignorant monks? Does

he suppose that we shall trust him the more, if he keeps telling us that this is white because it is *so* black, that triangular because it is *so* round, or his religion one because its language is *so* various? No; here and there some few of us may have their own private quarrels with our clergy upon isolated cases of matrimony, education, or the disposal of property; but they certainly will not be led into an open war with them by the impertinent interference of a bookful blockhead arbitrarily assuming the office of arbitrator. Man and wife may quarrel very severely; but the interferer not only reconciles the combatants, but also brings their united wrath upon his own head.

We hope that Bunsen's impertinences may have this effect on those amongst us who are disposed to go to buffets with the clergy: this was our first reason for quoting his arguments; our second is more serious. Any thing that can rouse laymen from their apathy must do good; the principle of lay association and of lay action is a real and powerful one, and as such has struck eminent men. Rosmini exaggerated it, and was rebuked; but his argument remains, and the condemnation of an exaggeration is no condemnation of the principle. We lately heard a person complain, that now-a-days the laity knew too much. We answered, that the only remedy for that was that they should know more. It is not now as in the middle ages, that clerk or clergyman is synonymous with man of cultivated intellect, and that all outside that order are in the dark. Laymen every where do more than they did; Nicholas and Montalembert in France, Donoso Cortez in Spain, Brownson in America, we may add the professor of St. Edmund's College in England, are (or were) recognised teachers; societies like that of St. Vincent of Paul, —an essentially lay society,—or of the Holy Family, show the utility of associated action. If an eminent politician tells us that this action is the essential spirit of the present age, and points it out as the great weapon against Catholicity, it is useful both to know his opinion, and to turn over in our minds all methods that may be suggested for applying the spirit of the age to Catholic purposes.

A PILGRIMAGE TO THE PROTO-MONASTERY OF
SUBIACO,

AND THE HOLY GROTTA OF ST. BENEDICT.

BY THE RIGHT REV. BISHOP ULLATHORNE, O.S.B.

CHAPTER III.

THE HOLY VALLEY.

THE first feeling which arises in the soul on contemplating the holy valley of Subiaco is one of religious awe. The heights, the depths, and the mysterious shadows which commingle them; a grandeur in the long-drawn extent of the prospect, which seems to take its limits but from the sense of the beholder; combined with the reflection, that here, in this cathedral of nature, God conversed with His saints in ages long past;—all conspire to fill the heart with a sense of eternal things, of which the scene before us is a reflection, austere indeed, but yet sublime. But when, on another day, instead of being viewed beneath the influence of stormy sunset clouds, this same scene was searched through by the mid-day brightness of an Italian sun, and the eye grew more familiar with its features, the feeling of its beauty was almost equal to that of its magnificence.

Passing over the bridge on which we have been standing, and taking our position in a rude cave below it on the other side, we will endeavour to give such a description as may enable the reader in some degree to realise its character.

The right side of the ravine, on which we are standing, ascends through the greater part of its extent abruptly to the height of some two thousand feet. And about midway of its length, as seen from this point, a dark-looking prominence of greater height, on which a tall cross is conspicuous, projects its shadow towards the holy grotto on the other side. This range is bare of all wood except low thickets. The left of the ravine is much more varied in its lines. It winds more harmoniously with the bendings of the river at its base; it recedes in its ascending with more grace and freedom; it exhibits a more varied sky-line, and a more undulating surface, but is broken here and there with precipices or huge projections of rock.

On one of those projecting ledges, at half a mile's distance, stands the great monastery of St. Scholastica. The huge pile offers an irregular front towards the stream, and the mass of roofs exhibit an equal irregularity of plan. The monastic architecture of all periods, from the early round arch and the early pointed down to the most modern fashion of uniformity in style, combine together in this extensive front. The substructures, which were found needful for obtaining a broad enough level for the cloisters, are enormous. This is especially the case at the further end of the monastery, where the rock sinks down into a hollow. There three huge buttresses seem to start out of an abyss, and breaking in at regular intervals, they climb first up the face of the rock, then up the solid basement-walls, and run on between the small lancet openings until they shoulder the upper story. Beyond them, where the roofs are the most intricate, rises up the well-proportioned tower, which is of Byzantine architecture. Between the monastery and the stream the steep declivity is covered with an olive-garden. But so nearly do the gray and silvery-green leaves of these trees resemble in colour the general hue of these mountains, as they appear in this month of April, that it is difficult to distinguish them. Close beyond the foundations of the monastery the ground is broken down by a winter torrent, on the opposite point beyond which is a little chapel which marks the spot where St. Benedict met with St. Romanus. Thence a footpath is barely visible, ascending for half a mile along the rugged side of the mountain until it disappears through the arch of a tall portal, and is lost to the eye amidst a thick dark grove of ilex-trees. This grove is in the flank of the principal mountain on that side of the ravine, and about a thousand feet above the level of the valley. Immediately beyond it there starts up an immense precipice of reddish-coloured rock, which rises for several hundred feet perpendicularly, until it nearly reaches the top of the rounded hill into whose face it is inserted. In this precipice, but concealed from sight by the sacred grove, as well as by a cliff which projects at its further extremity, is the sanctuary of the Holy Grotto. Carrying the eye beyond this deeply interesting point as far again as it is from us, the mountains from both sides of the river close down upon its stream, and form a kind of second gorge; whilst the more distant mountains beyond wind across each other, and are darkened by the ilex and oak trees that cover them.

The Anio, now but a few miles from its source in the mountains near Trevi, comes seething and foaming deep below in the narrow valley, its white surface sparkling here and

there; whilst at other intervals of its course, owing to the depth, or the dark shadows, or the turnings of its bed, or the trees and the rank vegetation on its banks, its course is audible to the one sense, whilst it is invisible to the other.

This valley was a favourite resort of the Emperor Nero. He closed up the outlet of the waters where we are standing with a massive wall, and turned the valley into a lake. Below this first lake he constructed a second, which had a broader expanse. And a third lake, which reached to where now stands the city of Subiaco, received the waters from the two first. Pliny the elder describes these three lakes, and says they were famed for their pleasantness. But after his time we have not specific mention made of more than two lakes. Frontinus, writing in the reign of Trajan, says that the waters within the ravine stood twenty feet above the natural bed of the river. On its two sides Nero built baths and a magnificent villa, adorned with costly marbles, for his residence; and connected them by a marble bridge which crossed the ravine. Ruins of these structures still remain. They stand upon shelves of rock, which have been levelled for the purpose some way below, and at a little distance from, the present bridge. On the right of the stream, three vaulted chambers of reticulated work, with apsidal terminations, exhibit their ruined interiors imbedded in foliage. On the left, the ground-plan of the more extensive buildings is left complete, with some fragments of the superstructure. A considerable portion of the marble bridge remained at the end of the thirteenth century, and several beautiful columns taken from the villa may still be seen at the monastery of St. Scholastica.

The name of Sublacum, whence is derived the modern one of Subiaco, was given to this retreat by Nero from its proximity to the lake. And the same emperor constructed the road which gives access to it from the *Via Valeria*. And here it was that, whilst this first great persecutor of the Christians was feasting and revelling, the table at which he sat was overturned, and the cup struck from his hands by lightning. Tacitus has depicted the scene in his brief style.

Frontinus tells us that when Trajan restored their copiousness and quality to the other aqueducts which fed the fountains of Rome, in order to supply the failing springs of Curtius and Cerulius, which, at some five miles nearer to Rome, were the original feeders of the Claudian aqueduct, he left the running stream and sought a more abundant replenishment from the lake above the villa of Nero. For there, he observes, the waters not only purified themselves, owing to their great depth, but, under the opaque shade of the forest which grew

on the mountain sides, they were most cool and clear. Celsus has celebrated their medicinal qualities, as well as their remarkable coolness. And these were probably owing to minute proportions of lime and sulphur which they had absorbed. The distance from Rome is forty-five miles, but the course taken by the aqueduct was considerably longer. The catastrophe by which these lakes were destroyed is vividly described in the monastic chronicle of Mirtius.

On the 20th of February, in the year of our Lord 1305, says the chronologist, and whilst the abbatial chair was vacant, a tempest came down upon the Symbruine mountains more terrific than any which men remember or books record. The rain, hail, and snow fell like a second deluge. The winds, with conflicting currents, whirled across the mountains so furiously, that they swept the accumulated snows from off their summits, and the whole torrent rushed into the meadows of the holy valley. It swelled the river into one broad flood over its cultivated banks; the fields became pools, and the ways were lost from sight. The monks, hoping to prevent worse mischief, urged two of the most courageous of the brethren to precipitate some of the large stones from the top of the wall which sustained the upper lake, that the struggling waters might find a freer vent. But no sooner was this done than the whole wall went asunder; and the suddenly liberated floods, rushing with prodigious force and volume against the wall of the second lake, burst it away also. Hurrying onwards, the eager surges swept down the buildings which they met in their way, tore up the mills and bridges even with their foundations; and careering over the fields, they caught the peasants in their flight, destroying them together with their flocks and herds. Since that time the Anio has flowed on in its natural bed, and the famous lake is but a name. In early papal documents the side of the ravine on which the monasteries stand is called Mount Thaleius.

CHAPTER IV.

SAINT BENEDICT.

WHEN, as the fifth century was closing, God raised up His servant Benedict to reinvigorate His Church, Christendom, as Baronius observes, was at a most critical moment of its history. In the East, Zeno with the strength of the empire was defending and helping on the Eutychians. The orthodox bishops

were driven from their sees; and the Oriental monks, once so flourishing, had either become implicated in the dissensions of the time, and so lost their spirit, or had fallen into the prevailing heresies. Thus religious discipline suffered; and then disorders followed. France, Spain, and Italy were possessed by the Goths and Arian Vandals; whilst Africa, groaning under Genseric, had become one vast arena of blood and slaughter. England, overrun by the Picts and Scots, and invaded by the Saxons, had once more fallen a prey to idolatry. The whole West was sinking under its own corrupted civilisation, and seemed to be expiring beneath the vigorous blows of so many barbarous nations. And then it was that, amidst a darkness which threatened a universal night, St. Benedict shone forth as a light unto the world. God gave him a great spirit and a fertile grace. He trained him in solitude, tried him in the fire of tribulation, and still further tested his virtues in the furnace of contradictions. And thus thoroughly furnished as the man of God for every good work, by the Divine assistance he raised up a body of men imbued with his own spirit, which became the great instrument for the reinvigoration and extension both of the Church and of civilisation. The rule he gave them was as remarkable for its practical wisdom and clear good sense as for its spirit of interior freedom. Stability of life was its foundation, and obedience to rule its form; the love of God was its substance, and charity to man its fruit. Stability of life was sustained by the choral duty of the daily and nightly psalmody. The spirit of obedience was nurtured by the sense of God's presence, at all times inspecting the heart of man; and by the sense of our constant responsibility to our Creator and Redeemer. The love of God was to be nourished by interior contemplation, and by brief but pure aspirations repeated often from the heart of the disciple. Charity to man was to begin by hospitality to the stranger, in whose person Christ was to be considered, and more especially so if he was poor. But the charity which began in the hospitality of the monastery went on to the winning of souls to God. The law of silence, when duty or the relief of the mind called not for speech, was the guardian of recollection and of the entire spirit of the rule.

Thus formed to patience of soul, chastity of body, charity of heart, and poverty of life, the family of St. Benedict came forth with free hearts and joyful yet tranquil spirits to missionise the world. On every mountain they planted their religious colonies. They made the desert places fertile by their toil and skill; and by restoring agriculture they laid anew the basis of civilisation. They attracted populations

round them by their benefits, and gave them municipal government. They gathered up, preserved, and, by the labour of their pens, transmitted to posterity the monuments of ancient learning. They cultivated the arts which refine the soul of man, as well as those which supply his wants. They evangelised the idolatrous nations of the North, and our own England. Kings called them to their counsels, and gave to them the power of judgment, because of their wisdom and uprightness. They were selected for their learning and virtues to sit upon the episcopal chairs, and even on the throne of Peter. They contributed greatly to lay the foundations of modern civilisation, since so much shaken by far different men, in the solid ground of faith and of charity. And some of them cemented the work with their blood.

The author of such a work as this deserved a great historian. He found one in no less a person than St. Gregory the Great. This truly great Pope was almost his contemporary, and derived his information from four abbots of the order who had been the saint's immediate disciples. And one of them, St. Honoratus, was his successor in the government of this very monastery of St. Scholastica during many years whilst the saint yet lived. Hence St. Gregory's *Life of St. Benedict* is one of the most authentic, as it is one of the most beautiful, of those narratives in which saints have bequeathed to us the lives of saints. Nor could any thing have been more providential; for it is the life of the saint which gives animation to his rule: through its vivid descriptions he still lives before the eyes of his disciples, and confirms his precepts by example.

Descended from the noble Anician family by his father, and from the Claudian by his mother, St. Benedict was born at Norcia, in Umbria, about the year 481. Sent for his education to the Roman schools at the early age of fourteen, the pious youth was so horrified at the depravity which he saw in many of his companions, that, dreading their contagion, he fled from the city. His nurse, who was affectionately attached to him, followed his steps; and with her in his company, he took refuge in the mountains. They came to Affile, a few miles short of Subiaco; and with the simplicity of those times and of that place, they were allowed to dwell in the church. There, to console his faithful companion in a distress which had befallen her, the pious youth, through his prayers and tears, wrought a miracle. The miracle got spread abroad, and drew attention upon him; so he fled away from the praises of men, as he had before fled from contact with their vices. He left his nurse behind him, and sought for God in solitude. Pur-

suing his lonely way, with God alone for his reliance, he came upon the ravine of Subiaco. The lakes still filled the valleys with their fresh waters; but the villa of Nero was desolate and deserted. The whole of this wild tract was covered with wood, and solitary; but as he traversed with his own silent thoughts the rugged side of Mount Thaleius, he was met by a monk. The monk questioned the youth, ascertained that his desire was to live to God in solitude, kept his secret, and clothed him with the habit of a hermit. He then guided him to a lonely cave; and there for three years he lived, unknown to all the world except to the monk Romanus. During these three years, St. Romanus spared what he could from his own slender refecton, and secretly conveyed it to the young hermit. Now the monastery in which St. Romanus lived, under the abbot Theodatus, stood on the top of the mountain, over the face of the steep precipice described in the last chapter; and the cave lay concealed at a great depth below. So Romanus came from time to time to the verge above, and lowered down his provisions by a long cord, to the end of which he attached a bell. And at the sounding of this bell the man of God knew that Romanus was there, and came out to receive his food. But the enemy of man, who, as St. Gregory says, envied the charity of the one and the refecton of the other, hurled a stone and broke the bell. Yet Romanus failed not by other means to supply his wants at stated intervals.

But God resolved to set this candle on the candlestick, that he might shine before men in the house of his heavenly Master. So the Lord appeared in a vision to a certain priest, who dwelt not far off, on the Paschal festival. And He said to him: "Thou art preparing delicacies for thyself, and My servant there is tormented with hunger." Then the priest rose up with the viands he had prepared for the Paschal feast, and sought through the rugged mountains, and through the deep valleys, and in the caves, and found the man of God in his grotto. And when they had prayed and blessed the Almighty Lord, they sat down together. And after they had sweetly conversed on eternal life, the priest said: "Come, let us take food; for to-day is the Pasch." And the man of God said: "I know it is the Pasch, since to-day I have deserved to see thee." For, living apart from men, he did not know that it was the Paschal solemnity. But the venerable priest said: "Truly it is to-day our Lord's Resurrection. It is not fit thou shouldst abstain. And for this I am sent, that we should take the gifts of God together." So, blessing God, they eat their repast together. And after conversing again on Divine things, the priest returned to his church.

About the same time the shepherds discovered the hermit in his cave; but as he was clad in skins, they took him for a wild beast. Then, finding him to be a servant of God, they came to be changed from their own animal life to one of grace and piety. So the fame of the man of God spread abroad; and from that time men sought him, and whilst they brought him food for the body, they took back nourishment for the soul.

And on a certain day, when the man of God was alone, the tempter came in the shape of a bird, and he hovered round about him; but when he made the sign of the cross, the bird flew away. Then an unclean temptation so great arose within him that he was almost inclined to leave his solitude; but of a sudden the supernal grace shone in upon his soul, and he returned to himself; when, casting his eyes upon the thickets of thorns and briers mixed with nettles that grew near, he suddenly cast off his garments and rolled himself amongst them for so long a time that he was covered with wounds and blisters. Thus did he conquer sense by sense, and quelled the stimulus to unlawful pleasure with the keenest sense of pain. And from that day forward, as his disciples attested, he was never subject to temptations.

After this many left the world and came to be his disciples, for the fame of his sanctity spread far and wide. And it was then that the monks of St. Cosimato came and implored him to become their spiritual father. He went, and, as we have seen, they attempted his life; and he returned to his beloved solitude, where, says St. Gregory, he dwelt within himself beneath the eyes of God. And there, whilst he grew yet greater in holiness, and miracles increased at his hands, so many were there who gathered round him and sought for his guidance in serving God, that he built twelve monasteries, placed twelve monks in each of them, and gave to every monastery its own superior; whilst a few others, whom he thought best to keep under his own immediate guidance, he attached to his own place of retirement. Even the more devout noblemen of Rome began to have recourse to him, and to place their sons beneath his care: and amongst these, Eutychius and the senator Tertullus gave their sons into his keeping. Placidus, the son of Tertullus, was a child; but Maurus, the son of Eutychius, though still young, speedily became the saint's assistant. Trained by the man of God from their tender years, these two became his most distinguished disciples and most illustrious saints of his order, and St. Placid received the crown of martyrdom. Later on, the father of St. Placid gave his possessions around Subiaco to the holy patri-

arch; and thus was laid the first temporal foundation for the subsistence of the monasteries.

Of these twelve establishments only two at this day remain,—that of the Holy Grotto and that of St. Scholastica. But of most of the others there is some fragment of ruins or trace of foundations or chapel, which show the place where once they stood. They were all sacked and desolated in the beginning of the seventh century by the Lombards under Alboin, and the monks fled to Rome; those which were reconstructed were again sacked by the Saracens in 828.

On Mount Thaleius, above the Holy Grotto, was the monastery of St. Blaise, where St. Romanus lived. After the death of its abbot Theodatus, it came under St. Benedict's jurisdiction. St. Romanus founded a monastery in Gaul, and there died. After its desolation it was not rebuilt until 1180. Ruins of it still remain, and in the chapel built on the spot is preserved in rude Latinity the original inscription of the consecration of the church in that year by Manfred, Bishop of Tivoli. Mass is annually chanted here on the festival of St. Blaise. St. Michael's stood on a level space below the Holy Grotto and near the bank of the stream. St. Clement's was near the lake below St. Scholastica, most probably built on the ruins of Nero's baths; it was also called *Vinea Columbaria*,—the Vineyard of Doves. St. Benedict passed more of his time in that than in the other monasteries. Here, says the chronicle, was a garden for the recreation of Maurus and Placid, and here St. Benedict took his walks. Below it, on the border of the lake, was the scene of the miracle with the poor Goth's billhook; and not far off is the chapel marking the spot where, at the command of the saint, Maurus ran upon the water of the lake and drew out the drowning Placid. This monastery was rebuilt after the desolation of the Lombards; but destroyed again in 1223 by an earthquake which shook all Italy.

The monastery of St. Angelus was beyond the lake, perhaps half a mile east of the Holy Grotto. Nothing of it remains.

St. Mary di Marrebottas, after lying 620 years in desolation, was, owing to a vision of the Blessed Virgin, rebuilt by Blessed Lawrence of Apulia in 1226, and now bears his name. It was here that for thirty-four years Blessed Lawrence performed his terrible penances. It was situated on a much higher mountain beyond St. Blaise. Eastward of this, on the mountains, was situated St. John the Baptist's, or St. John at the Waters; for it was here that, to appease the discontent of the monks, St. Benedict caused water to flow miracu-

lously. Destroyed with the rest of the monasteries by the Lombards, it was rebuilt in 1114.

Looking further up the course of the river, beyond the upper gorge of the ravine, the well-built castle of Rocca di Boso stands; a fine and conspicuous object. Near it was the monastery of St. Jerome. In the same direction is Monte Præclaro; now, and not without some reason, called Monte Porcario, for numbers of hogs feed there upon its acorns. At its base stood the monastery of St. Victorinus: nothing remains of it. St. Andrew's of *Eternal Life* was on the bank of the stream. St. Angelus of Trevi was in the direction of Trevi: there are many remains of this monastery. It is much questioned whether St. Andrew's, now Rocca di Botte, was ever one of the original twelve; it is at a distance, and they were about the holy valley: and St. Donatus is considered with more probability to have been the twelfth. The structure subsists, and is now the grange of St. Scholastica. Truly, then, says the chronicler, was Mount Thaleius God's mountain, the rich mountain, the mountain in which it pleased God to dwell. And the vale of the Anio was the holy valley, through which the praises of God resounded day and night.

No great work for God endures unless founded in the midst of persecution. It is the test of the work and the proving of the workmen. Far and wide the twelve monasteries gave forth their fervour, says St. Gregory; and many were the persons who left the world, that they might bend the neck of their heart beneath the light yoke of their Redeemer. Then Florentius, who was priest of a neighbouring church, and, St. Gregory adds, the ancestor of his own subdeacon, became stirred with a most malicious envy against the man of God: he slandered his reputation; he prevented all the persons he could from going near him; and, under the guise of a blessing, he sent him a present of a loaf of bread which contained poison. But the man of God, whilst he discerned the poison, received the gift with thanks. Now, at the hour of repast, a raven was wont to come from the forest to take bread from his hands. And when that hour came, he said to the raven: "Take this bread, and cast it where no man can find it." But the raven, with outspread wings and open mouth, croaked how he was willing but knew not how to do the man of God's behest. Then, commanding the raven again, he said: "Take it, take it up safely; and cast it where no man can find it." So, after long delay, he inserted his beak into the loaf, and flew away with it; and after three hours the raven returned, and received from the man of God his wonted provision.

Failing to destroy the Saint in body, Florentius sought next to kill his disciples in their souls. He sent seven abandoned women to wanton and revel in the garden near his cell. But when the man of God beheld what was passing, he feared for the weaker brethren; and considering that all these persecutions were solely on his own account, he gave place to envy; and so, setting all things in order in the twelve monasteries, leaving them under constituted superiors, and taking with him a few only of his disciples, he departed from them. But no sooner had the man of God departed than God struck the priest with His terrible visitation: for, whilst he was rejoicing at the departure of the Saint, his house fell in, and crushed him to death beneath its ruins. The man of God had not gone more than ten miles on his journey when his disciple Maurus came and told him what had happened. Then he gave himself up to great lamentations, both because of the untimely death of his adversary, and because his disciple had rejoiced when he brought him intelligence of it; and on his disciple he imposed a penance for his rejoicing at the death of his enemy.

God, indeed, had other work for His servant; and his past tribulations were made the occasion to bring that work about. The Saint went on to Mount Cassino. There he converted the people from their habits of idolatry, destroyed their temple of Apollo, cut down the grove which was the scene of their superstitions, and built two oratories in place of them. In the year 529 he there founded his famous monastery, which he governed for fourteen years. At some distance from it he founded the sacred virgins of his order, and placed them under the guidance of his sister, St. Scholastica. His yearly interview with his sister is most touchingly described by St. Gregory. She died two years before him, and he saw her soul ascend to heaven in the form of a dove. And in the sixty-third year of his life, on the sixth day of his sickness, he was carried by his own desire into the church, where he received the sacraments, and leaning upon some of his disciples who stood round him, he calmly breathed out his soul to God in prayer.

CHAPTER V.

THE PROTO-MONASTERY OF ST. SCHOLASTICA.

REPASSING the bridge from near which we have contemplated the holy valley—it was built by Gregory XVI.—and passing

round the circular chapel of St. Maurus, the footpath,—for there is no carriage-road in these mountains,—conducts us to St. Scholastica. Midway we pass the chapel called *Dell' Incontro*; and by the people, owing to one of its pictures, our Lady of Gold. It is said to mark the spot where St. Benedict first welcomed SS. Maurus and Placid. The old frescoes on the wall and ceiling are ruined by damp.

A large open court, closed in with walls and covered with grass, leads to the portal, where the gray-headed porter, a lay brother, introduced us to the apartments provided at the entrance for visitors. But no sooner were we announced, than, with that cordial hospitality which is so marked a feature of St. Benedict's rule, I and my companion were conducted into the interior of the abbey, and found ourselves at home amongst brethren. St. Benedict says, that when a stranger arrives at the monastery, God is to be thanked; he is to be received as Christ, and if he be poor, Christ is to be still more considered in his person. But the pilgrim was a monk, who, for five-and-thirty years, and in almost every latitude of the world, had thought of Subiaco as the cradle of his order, and now saw it for the first time. It was indeed a home for his spirit, made more so by the affectionate kindness of his brethren in St. Benedict. But the reader expects a description of this celebrated monastery.

The cloister that we enter from the second gate, which closes it from the eastern quarters, is far the most spacious of the three which form the ground-plan. It was constructed in its present form in 1689. Its lofty groined arches rest upon square Ionic columns, which support the dormitories and form the four sides of an open quadrangle. On the inside of these columns are full-length portraits, by Manente, of the Popes and sovereigns who at various epochs have visited the monastery; and amongst them are St. Gregory the Great, whose local descriptions in the life of St. Benedict clearly indicate his acquaintance with the place, together with ten other Popes, most if not all of whom conferred privileges on the monastery. There are also the Emperor Otho III. and the Empress Agnes, and one of the Stuarts. Two columns stand in the cloister, one of porphyry, the other of *giallo antico*, which were brought from Nero's baths. On the right side, looking towards the holy valley, is a handsome suite of apartments for the reception of benefactors and friends, who are admitted to the privilege of lodging within the enclosure. In the first apartment, under a marble bust of the reigning pontiff, is an inscription on a tablet which indicates that he founded the new province of Subiaco in the order, that he ordained the transfer of the

monastic college for foreign missions to this abbey, that he authorised the introduction of the primitive observance of the rule at the Holy Grotto, and that he approved the office of the patronage of St. Benedict. Twelve easel pictures, which adorn these apartments, represent saints and holy persons who have lived at Subiaco. St. Sylvia, the mother of St. Gregory the Great, holds in her hand the deed of donation by which she made over extensive possessions in the neighbourhood to the monasteries. She was the second great founder of the temporal possessions after the father of St. Placid. Visitors are placed under the especial care of the guest-master; and at present an English father fills this charitable office. Rules are inscribed at the entrance of these apartments for the guidance of the guests. On the opposite side of the monastery there is an hospice, at which numbers of poor are daily fed, and where apartments are provided for poor pilgrims to sleep in. They come in great numbers at the feast of St. Benedict. The first cloister opens into a second. We are here on the main site of the primitive monastery, and in the nucleus of the present extensive pile. This cloister is angular in shape, and of plain early pointed architecture. We must, however, except one arch of later insertion, which is a rich specimen of the flamboyant period: its deep mouldings are filled in with canopied statuettes, and on its apex it bears a finial sustaining a figure of the Blessed Virgin. On the entrance-side are the refectories for the students and the one for the domestics, whilst on another side are offices for the artisans of the establishment. The third side is full of interest; here is a fine Gothic door, moulded in marble, which leads into the church. In its tympanum is an ancient painting of the Blessed Virgin seated with the Child, St. Benedict and St. Scholastica are standing at their side. By the wall at the right hand of the door is the old judgment-seat of the abbots, used in the times when they exercised temporal sovereignty. The seat is a square block of marble with two steps, but without arms or back; it is ornamented round with that delicate Alexandrian mosaic in porphyry and gold which proves its antiquity. In the wall on the other side of the door is an old marble tablet of great historic interest. It records how Abbot Humbert raised the beautiful work of the tower in the fourth year of the pontificate of Leo IX. (1052); and gives a list of the towns, villages, and possessions, to the number of twenty-two, which at that time formed the dominion of the monastery.

On a broad column of those which sustain the cloister, opposite the church-door, is a yet more curious monument. It is engraved in Montfaucon as well as in Agincourt. A goat

and a stag are rudely sculptured, rearing up to drink from a cup resting on the stem of a tree. On the body of the goat an inscription records the building of the church under Benedict VII., and its dedication by the same Pope on the 4th of December 981. Above is another inscription, in most barbarous Latinity, recording how Cojutor constructed certain parts of the buildings around for the love of St. Benedict, who had there so great a conflict.

A considerable expansion in breadth of the cloister conducts through a Gothic doorway into a vaulted hall, which, groined upon four huge ribs, contains ancient frescoes, and conducts to the refectory of the community. This is a noble room of more modern date and of great height, and is capable of accommodating sixty monks seated in one line along its two sides and upper end. The reading pulpit is entered by a concealed staircase in the wall. The principal picture is a large subject by Minante, representing St. Gregory, who, whilst he serves twelve poor men at table, discovers an angel amongst them. Nothing strikes the visitors of this abbey who have the privilege of sitting at these tables so much as the silence, order, and monastic discipline observed in the refectory. As there is now a considerable number of English subjects in the community, a portion of the rule of St. Benedict is daily read at dinner in English.

We now pass to the third and most beautiful of the cloisters. It is of the same character as those attached to the basilicas of St. John Lateran and St. Paul's, and was built by Abbot Lando in 1235. There are the same solid round marble arches resting upon slender marble columns, which, grouped in pairs, reach altogether the number of eighty or more. The columns are of various kinds and colours, some twisted, others plain, and are surmounted by broad capitals in every variety of pattern; whilst on the exterior there runs above the arches a bold and fretted cornice. From a remark in the earlier chronicle, Abbot Lando appears to have got his marbles from Nero's villa and bridge. The old frescoes on the walls have been concealed with lime-wash. But one representing St. Benedict has been brought to light, which Overbeck has copied, and which has become familiarly known through the Dusseldorf prints. It represents the holy patriarch holding the finger of one hand on his lips in token of silence, and in the other the rod of discipline. A well in the centre of the quadrangle is interesting from the beautiful columns and other marbles, brought from the baths of Nero, with which it is ornamented. The chronicle records the enormous cost of labour and money at which these marbles were got up the rugged mountain. On

one side of this cloister is shown the room of the venerable Ippolito Pugnatello, the last of the Benedictines declared venerable for his sanctity. A beautiful fresco of the Blessed Virgin and Child has been discovered on the wall. This room has been recently made a chapel. On the other side a door conducts down into the crypts. A line of short stout columns which run along the middle of these crypts sustains their plain but solid vaultings. On the other hand, the same door conducts to the old abbatial prison; a monument of the departed temporal power of the abbots. This prison, which bears signs of having been left for ages without any use, consists of a single chamber lighted from the side of the valley, with a small ante-room. The door on the other side opens upon an immense flight of steps, at the bottom of which was a door by which prisoners were brought up from the valley.

The principal ascent to the dormitories is by a magnificent stone staircase, which is admirably lighted. Their two principal corridors stand at right angles with each other like the letter T, having a length of 450 feet with a breadth of 16. The ceiling, which is acutely but plainly vaulted, is lofty in proportion. A fine column of verde antique which stands on the staircase, and another of African marble at the termination of the corridor, were brought from Nero's villa. Here is a beautifully furnished chapel, with stalls in walnut, for the midnight office. Adjoining is the room for spiritual conferences, which are held once a week. Passing the infirmary, the dispensary, and the rest of the suite of offices, we come to the library. It is by no means so rich as it has been in ages gone by, though it has a fair collection of old editions. Its principal treasures consist in first editions of the earliest books printed in Italy. It was, indeed, through this monastery that the art of printing was first introduced into Italy. Sweynham and Pannartz printed *Lactantius* here in 1465, and in the following year they printed St. Augustine's great work *De Civitate Dei*. The first copies struck off, as also the first copy of the work they next printed in Rome, have the fact recorded in the type, and are preserved in this library. Another room contains some five hundred manuscripts. Of these perhaps the most important is the Chronicle of Cherubini Mirtiùs, completed on the basis of an earlier but less accurate one, which was published in the great collection of Muratori. The chronicle of Mirtiùs was completed in 1629. I shall make ample use of its contents. The archivium is rich in documents and deeds, which reach up to a high antiquity. I am told that between the archives of the two monasteries there are not less than 4500 of these parchments. They were copiously used by Mirtiùs

in writing his chronicle. Beyond the library is a suite of study-rooms. The cells of the religious are also comprised within these extensive corridors. The novitiate forms a separate part of the establishment, and with its common rooms, chapel, offices, and cells, occupies the upper story of Abbot Lando's quadrangle. The upper story over the entrance-front is set apart for the students.

The first place to which a guest is invited, and to which, if a good Catholic, his own feelings will attract him, when he arrives at a monastery, is the church. But I have reserved a description of it to the last. The only entrance from the exterior, and by which, therefore, women can pass, is by a narrow groined passage not unlike the entrance to a fortress. We may pass by the chapter-room, whose chief interest is that it was the small original church dedicated by St. Benedict to SS. Cosmas and Damian. After the saint's death, St. Honoratus dedicated it to St. Benedict and St. Scholastica; but since the sanctuary of the Holy Grotto was solemnly devoted to the holy patriarch this church has borne the exclusive name of St. Scholastica. Portraits of the first disciples of St. Benedict are hung on the walls, and above the stalls are inscribed the names of nineteen saints who either dwelt here or have honoured the place by their presence.

The old church, dedicated by Benedict VII., was greatly injured by an earthquake. A new one was constructed within the older church in 1769. The sectional plan given in Agincourt shows how curiously the structure in the modern Roman style has been thrust as it were into the old Gothic church. It consists of a nave with three recessed chapels on each side, transepts, and choir. In the left transept is the altar of St. Chelidonia, which is placed over her remains. In the opposite transept a similar altar covers the relics of SS. Audax and Anatolia. A door from this transept opens into a beautiful little chapel constructed between the walls of the new and the old church, and it is said to be the position of the cell which was used by St. Benedict. The names of the twelve great religious congregations which have sprung from the primitive Benedictine order are inscribed round the altar-piece. All the altars of the church are adorned with large pictures; the best is one of St. Gregory, which is attributed to Guido. The stalls in the choir behind the high altar are massive and well ornamented. In the centre of the apse is the abbatial chair, in which each commendatory abbot is installed after his appointment. The commendatory abbot exercises quasi-episcopal jurisdiction over the ancient territory which belonged to the abbey, and this is his quasi-episcopal church. But since the middle of the

fifteenth century, the monastery has been governed by its own immediate superiors as in former times. In 1674, the commendatory abbot Charles held a synod in this church, which he promulgated throughout his jurisdiction. A frontispiece to the Decrees of the Synod represents the interior of the ancient church. Attached to the church is a fine sacristy of lofty proportions, adorned with good frescoes of the life of the Blessed Virgin by Zucchari. I ought not to forget to remark that the church is a perfect model of cleanliness and order.

In the sacristy are silver busts containing a portion of the hand of St. Benedict and of the arm of St. Scholastica. There are also important relics of SS. Maurus and Placid. But one of the most curious and authentic relics here preserved is the capouche or hood of St. Basil. It is beautifully and curiously woven of black camel's hair, and is in a perfect condition. Its history is thus recorded in the chronicle. It was brought to Italy by St. Gregory Nazianzen, the bosom friend of St. Basil. On the first day of the year 378, this saint presented it, together with a brass cross containing one of the holy thorns, to John the abbot of the Basilian monks of Grotto Ferrata, near Frascati. In 1165, during a war between the Romans and the Albanians and Tusculans combined, the country round Grotto Ferrata was delivered up to fire and sword, and the Greek monks fled for refuge to Subiaco. The Holy Grotto was assigned for their residence. There most of them died; but those who survived to return to Grotto Ferrata concealed these treasures in a wall ere their departure, as they did not yet feel secure of tranquillity in their own monastery. There they remained concealed for more than 200 years, until, *nutu Dei*, they were discovered. The elder chronologist of Subiaco confirms this account by a letter from Adlannasius Tibur, the abbot of Grotto Ferrata. And I may add that I met a Basilian bishop of Grotto Ferrata in the chambers of the Vatican, who assured me of its authenticity, and expressed the lasting regret of the Basilian monks that this relic of their holy founder had been lost to them. In the sacristy are also preserved a set of illuminated choral books on parchment.

Crossing the transept from the sacristy, in the passage leading to the crypts, is a sarcophagus containing the remains of the blessed Palumbo, which is surmounted by his bust.

[To be continued.]

Preston Hall,
AND
OUR NEW DIGNITARIES.
BY THE AUTHOR OF "STUMPINGFORD."

CHAPTER VII.

YE TOWERS OF JULIUS.

THE Tower of London—London's lasting shame—whether truly or not truly described as the towers of Julius, received Father Preston for the last time.

It contains, as many of our readers know, two chapels; one Norman, in the great building which gives name to all the rest. This was the chapel of the ancient kings of England. It is now a muniment-room, and seldom shown,—far happier in being closed thus than if applied to any but a Catholic use. The other, of the time of Edward III., the chapel of St. Peter *ad vincula*, is within the precinct of the Tower, and is known, we suppose, to most visitors of that important fortress. In this chapel lie decapitated queens, dukes, and nobles; and in this chapel Catholic prisoners, during their confinement in the Tower, were sometimes dragged by force in order that they might be present at the newly-invented Protestant service. It was intimated to Father Preston during his confinement after his trial, that if he would consent to go to this place and hear the Protestant service and sermon, he should receive a free pardon from the queen. The lieutenant of the Tower himself conveyed the information, and spoke it out plainly.

"And pray, what do you think I should gain, Mr. Lieutenant, by going to your service?"

"Why, Preston, truly you would gain your life."

"Where?" said the Father.

"Here in England; and, like enough, a good benefice too."

"And what then?"

"What then, Mr. Preston? why, a pleasant life of it surely, in the country, or mayhap here at court; and who knows but a man of your mark may even have a bishopric?"

"Truly," said Father Preston; "and what then?"

"Marry, now," said the lieutenant; "you would not be his grace of Canterbury, would you?"

"Well," said Father Preston, "conceive me, good Mr. Lieutenant, to be so ambitious."

The lieutenant was warming with the conversation. He began to think that he, simple martial man as he was, might actually be confuting this famous Father; and might have the glory of taking him to court as the captive of his own Protestant zeal and persuasion. "Why, good Father Preston," said he, "in the changes of this mortal life, who knoweth? But, nevertheless, let us make the beginning. Come you wisely to our good new Protestant service and godly sermon; and then no more death."

"No more death?" said Father Preston.

"Nay, good Father, but you are pleasant this morning. One day, of course, you and I must die, come what will."

"And what then?" said Father Preston.

"Oh, heaven, of course," said the lieutenant.

"Easily told off," said the Father; "would you promise it to me if I went to your service?"

"Oh, certainly, Father Preston. A worthy man like you, of a gentle house, purged of all treasons, frequenting her highness's religion, and preaching the word yourself: I should like to know who should have a better prospect of heaven."

"I cannot see it, good Mr. Lieutenant."

The lieutenant became a little uneasy. He thought the fish was leaving his hook. His worst fears were confirmed by Father Preston's saying: "Suffer me to ask, good Mr. Lieutenant, what are your own hopes of heaven? You were a Catholic once."

"A Papist," said the lieutenant.

"You obeyed the Pope, as I do now. Did you rebel against your sovereign lady?"

"Of a surety, no," said the lieutenant with great energy.

"Did Queen Mary or King Philip rebel against themselves?"

"Oh, Preston," said the lieutenant, getting quite awake, "you are jesting."

"Never less," said Father Preston. "I am going to die a violent death; and I tell you, Mr. Lieutenant, that sooner than go of my own accord to hear your pretended service and horrible preaching, I would, with God's assistance and protection, bear any worse violence, in the act of death, or before it, than you will do me. You can kill my body; but I will not kill my soul."

"Well, Preston," said the lieutenant, "it would have been better for you if you could have gone along with the tide like so many others. Here is many an honest man heard Mass and all the rest of it in King Philip and Queen Mary's days,

and has heard the queen's service ever since, and done very well upon it. As for the next world"—Here the lieutenant, who had been shambling backward in that direction, retreated through the door, and closed it after him. *Clausæ est janua*; and, as in the sacred parable, the foolish remained outside; the bridegroom was within.

It was not unusual, during the long century of persecution which the Catholics underwent, for them to be confined in the same room. And Father Preston had with him for chamber-fellows two other priests,—seminary priests, as they were called,—from Douai. They too suffered some time afterwards; but the course of our history does not follow them, so we shall give no names. The happy union of these three in their miserable room gave to them all the consolations of religion; and one in particular, as to which, if not vouched for by the indisputable evidence of Bishop Challoner in other cases, and quite recently by the additional evidence given by M. Rio in his *Quatre Martyrs*, Catholics at this day might be disposed to doubt. By some means, the particulars of which have not reached us, they certainly contrived to say Mass. Their friends were allowed to visit them; and this circumstance must have given facilities for the wonderful celebration of Mass in a situation so much beyond hope. These friends, no doubt, both brought and carried away the sacred vessels of the altar. But of their little altar, of their vestments, and of those sacred vessels, we can give no account. We can only remain astonished that the very act in their lives most hateful to their persecutors should have been continued by them in their prison up to their day of death.

The conversation between Father Preston and the lieutenant of the Tower took place on Saturday evening, in the presence of the other two captive priests. Next morning, Sunday, some of the lieutenant's men entered Father Preston's room, and told all three to come with them at once to St. Peter's chapel to hear the service and sermon.

"Does any priest say Mass there this morning?" said Father Preston.

"Not so," said the pursuivant who led the guard. "We have no *sumpsimus* nor *mumpsimus* neither now; but a good honest English service, whereunto all may resort and be edified. Come, Preston, and you two others, it is time you should hear it. Come along."

"These feet," said Father Preston, "shall never of my free will carry me to your conventicle."

"Nor mine," said each of the others.

"Nay, but, good fathers," said the pursuivant, "there is

no time for delay, for our minister is just going to begin. By your leave." So saying, with the help of his assistants, he slipped a cord round Father Preston's waist, and dragged him out upon the green, and so to the chapel; Father Preston resisting with all his might the whole way, and exclaiming aloud to all the bystanders against the force put upon him. His two friends were dragged after him, exclaiming and resisting as he did; but of course without avail. Then they were taken up the chapel, and placed close under the reading-pew of the minister, from which that functionary immediately began to read the service, turning his face to the congregation in spite of the decision of the Protestant convocation a few years before. Father Preston exclaimed with a loud voice, "We are here against our wills, and utterly refuse to hear your service. We desire to be removed."

One of the assistants sitting by him struck him on the face and threatened to gag him. Father Preston took no notice either of the act or the threat. They all three sat down, and refused to be in any other position during the whole performance, and stopped their ears close with their hands.

Our minister, ascending the pulpit, when he had done reading, preached a very copious anti-Babylonish sermon, with great allusions to the deaf adder; and in it alternately discoursed of the identity of Christian Rome, the chosen seat of the chief Pastor of Jesus Christ, with the mystical Babylon of the Apocalypse, and of his own loyalty to the queen's highness and her religion, and of the horrible treason and disloyalties of all bloodthirsty Papists, and especially that arch traitor and stiff-necked recusant and Jesuit whom they had now got before them, and whom, no doubt, they should soon have to another place for the just punishment of his enormities. This done, Father Preston was conducted back to his prison, needing no assistance from the rope. And in the afternoon the lieutenant of the Tower came to him, and informed him that he must die next morning.

"You are welcome," said Father Preston; "and I am ready. At what hour should I prepare myself to go?"

"You shall be," said the lieutenant, "at the gallows-tree at Tybourne at eleven of the clock, where sundry of the queen's highness's privy-council will await you, and see justice done upon you; unless at the last you shall think better of it and accept the queen's pardon, which no doubt they will offer to you." Father Preston turned to his two friends and smiled, and made no answer.

And what were Benedict Preston and the fair Apollonia doing all this time?

The blow struck by Parson Wyggins and his brother had been very successful in bringing Father Preston within sight of death. But the Protestant Alliance of that day was not to be satisfied with death only. There were most useful statutes then, in the full vigour of their youth, and not at all mouldy and dusty upon shelves, which gave great power to the state over all who, like Mr. Preston, had harboured a priest, and had been guilty of the crime, as old as the catacombs, of hearing Mass.

John Wyggins, therefore, in his character of parson of the parish, as soon as Father Preston had been carried off, presented the squire as a harbourer of a Popish priest, and of having had Mass in his house. Then Lord Soupington, with fewer or more qualms, had another search made in the house for massing furniture, as they called it. None was found. It was carefully hid away, as we know. The search was conducted by the sheriff in person—not Lord Soupington this time. Great civility was shown to Mr. Preston; and, by one of those miracles of Providence which undoubtedly occurred in numbers during the persecution, he escaped with a warning. The sheriff himself, who was no puritan, and shared in the general love for Mr. Preston's character, lingered behind his men when going away, and pressing the squire's hand very cordially, said:

"For the sake of Mistress Preston and these little children, take care of yourself, Master Preston. Another day you may have an enemy to deal with. Above all, beware of your parson here."

Mr. Preston only replied by returning cordially the pressure of the sheriff's hand, and bending his head in token of gratitude.

This great danger being passed, the squire and Apollonia were free to quit Preston Hall and go to London; indeed, it was the best thing they could do. So, with all the speed that they could muster, the squire and his wife went up to London, leaving Stibbs, whose sentiments in favour of toleration were not enlarged by the recent proceedings, in charge of the whole place, and governor and guardian in particular of the two children. We need not say that Oreb was seen no more on the premises. They got to London in time to be present at the trial. They attended upon Father Preston in the Tower, and brought to him and his friends such small personal comforts as they could contrive to convey

without observation, and such as the prisoners themselves would accept.

Here, too, wonderful to say, and no doubt partly by means of facilities given by themselves, they heard Mass; each of the three priests saying Mass, and serving in turn. At court, too, they were not idle. Not that they dared to appear in person; but by distant interest they tried what could be done to get the sentence remitted, or at least changed to banishment. But Cecil, and Walsingham, and Elizabeth too, liked men of mark, and did not choose that such a one as Preston should get out of their clutches. So the days wore on very heavily with the squire and Apollonia; but not at all heavily with Father Preston and his friends, if they were to be believed at the daily visit which was paid to them.

CHAPTER VIII.

DULCE LIGNUM.

THE benevolent and serious Protestant who allows himself in the relaxation of a walk in the Park—now that music has been again banished from Kensington Gardens—on the day which he denominates the Sabbath, frequently enters by that great pride of modern architecture, the goal skimmed by the fervid wheels of the Royal Oak omnibus—THE MARBLE ARCH. Accompanied by his serious, poky, and sabbattising wife and their sabbattising little ones,—quite a little private band of hope,—he takes his walk near a spot which would be more dear to him if he was, as he very likely is not, aware of some of the transactions which once made that place notorious. The humanising influences of Exeter Hall might be still further propagated in his soul, and he might return to his evening sabbatical exercises with freshened appetite for “the domestic altar and Protestant chaplain” in blue morocco, if he knew that just about that spot Campian and other martyrs of the faith, for a century, breathed their last in the agonies of throttling and ripping up. But the writer of this history would think he had not written in vain, if the mention of this place should attract the attention of Catholics to it, and fill with the sad, solemn, but most glorious thoughts which belong to it, any who have not yet identified the spot. Nearly opposite the place where a small pillar now records that TYBURN GATE stood in 1829, is CONNAUGHT PLACE. Here, or a little further

back, on the site of 49 CONNAUGHT SQUARE, stood "THE ELMS," the place of death. Mr. Cunningham gives his own opinion, in his Handbook of London, that Connaught Place is the spot. The last plate in Hogarth's *Idle and Industrious Apprentices* gives a picture, with shocking truth, of the appearance of the place in his day. Hither criminals used to be brought from London; and here the course of our history leads us to see Father Alfred Preston brought.

On the Monday morning, very early, Father Alfred Preston made his last confession to one of his friends and brothers in priesthood and captivity. Then he said Mass for the last time.

We wish it was in our power to describe the appearance of that little altar, fitted up with so much speed and so much secrecy; making positively and without metaphor a Church in the wilderness in the paganised recesses of the Tower. But we have no materials. We only know the astonishing fact that Mass was said in those prisons. Both priests served him; neither would miss the blessing of serving him in this his last Mass.

We may perhaps imagine, even we who have outlived those days, something of what that little assembly felt. Two, the servers, were dissolved in tears; one, the martyr-elect, had no tears to shed: he was all joy, *tanquam sponsus procedens de thalamo suo*—"as a bridegroom coming out of his bride-chamber"—in such imitation as man may make of the one Divine pattern. The *Confiteor*, which his friends could scarcely pronounce in answer to him, was said by him with the utmost firmness as well as fervour. He almost seemed to delay a moment, as if for additional recollection, when he came to pronounce the great words in virtue of which our Divine Master condescends to inhabit our altars. Both his friends had made their confessions to him; both received from his hands the last holy communion which he was to give. The Mass was soon over, and the prison-room regained its usual desolate look. They then said their office together; and when that was done, sat down to talk, with the utmost consolation, in spite of tears, of what was coming.

Very soon the time went away. The shadow on the dial moves very fast on mornings such as this. At nine came the lieutenant of the Tower and his assistants and two pursuivants, our friend John Foxe, purged of sack for the day, and living cleanly, unlike a pursuivant, accompanied by another. The distance from the Tower to Connaught Place, or, as it then was, Tybourne, is very considerable. With the aid of the best line of omnibuses from the Marble Arch, our sight-seeing friends from Stumpingford always observe that to get to the

Tower is quite a morning's journey. That journey, beginning at the other end, and performed by the traveller upon a hurdle, through streets filled with faces of hatred, must be quite another thing.

The hurdle was outside the Tower-gate. The pursuivants handed Father Preston to it, and laying him down upon it, manacled him heavily. Thames Street, the Poultry, Cheapside, Newgate, Oldbourne (now Holborn), St. Giles's,—this was the line of Father Preston and his hurdle. And then he went on through green fields where Oxford Street now stands, till he reached the place. He found a distinguished company awaiting him.

There was the hangman, with his knife, fire, and sawdust. The gallows stood up against the horizon of the Hampstead hills crowned with woods; its cord dangling and quite ready, and a cart underneath it. Close by the hangman stood Walsingham and others of the privy-council. On his coming before them, Walsingham, seeing that Father Preston could not rise on account of his fetters, signed that they should be instantly removed. Stepping out from the rest, he came close up to Father Preston, and said, with the easy air of court-favourite and queen's adviser,

“Master Preston, I grieve to see you in this condition, and am come here partly in the hope that you will unsay what you have said of the queen's majesty, and acknowledge her to be supreme in all matters; and thereupon accept her most gracious pardon, which she has committed into my hands to offer to you.”

“Sir,” said Father Preston, “I esteem myself too near my desired haven to waste words with you on such matters. I am of that mind that I ever was. The queen never was, is not, and never can be supreme in the Church of Christ in this realm.”

Walsingham was bitterly angry.

“Take him away!” said he to the executioner; “do your work.”

Then some others of the soft praters of the privy-council called out, “Do you acknowledge her majesty to be lawful queen?”

“Certainly,” said Father Preston, “and will pray for her.”

Then, at a sign from one of them, and just as the executioner was laying hold of Father Preston to put him into the cart, a couple of ministers of the new religion stepped forward, and began to exhort him to die penitent of his treasons and in a better faith.

He moved, almost as if he were going to fling himself into

the executioner's arms; but turned suddenly, and confronted them with a look of great commiseration.

"Miserable men," he said; "I am going before the Judge of all. You and I are separated at least for this world. I die, because I detest and abjure you and your false religion. Go, be reconciled to God while you have time, and leave me in peace for my last few moments."

They retired, as much abashed as was possible for those who had the countenance of Walsingham and the court.

Father Preston then turned to Walsingham, and asked leave to say a few words to the crowd, which was very great and eager. Walsingham nodded assent. "But mind, no treason, Preston," he said.

"My good people," said Father Preston, "most willingly am I come here to die. Had I twenty lives, I would give them all in the same cause. I desire the prayers of all Catholics who are in this crowd."

"There are none," shouted a voice from behind Walsingham.

"We are all Catholics"—certainly there is nothing new under the sun—"we are all Catholics," shouted one of the Protestant ministers.

"I am understood by those who hear me," said Father Preston. "I desire your prayers while I make mine."

Then, putting off his cap, he said aloud his *Pater, Ave*, and *Credo*, remained a few moments afterwards perfectly silent, and then, with a clear strong voice exclaiming *In manus tuas commendo spiritum meum*, gave himself up into the hands of the expecting and toying butcher, who had never quitted his sleeve.

He got into the cart with a springiness and alacrity that would have reminded his dear old friend Stibbs of the days when he jumped into his boy's saddle at Preston Hall. In a moment more the figure, long so familiar to that place, of a priest slowly vibrating under the cross-arm of the gallows, was seen far and near. But a strange thing happened. Father Preston, hanging, immediately after he was flung off the cart raised his right hand—for his arms were not confined. People, even Catholics, wondered. There was a great silence, only broken by the crackling of the wood fire, where Father Preston's heart and entrails were to be burned. The hand went up slowly; and amidst the tears and prayers of the faithful, and the execrations of the court and miserable mob, made the sign of the cross from the forehead to the breast. Victorious in death!

Benedict Preston was in the crowd. Apollonia was at

her lodging in the city. Her husband would not let her come to witness this last scene. It was almost more than he could bear; but he resolved to see it out, and leave it with the same firmness which animated the friends of those who suffered under similar circumstances in the amphitheatres of pagan Rome.

But, although death would have been secure by the simple and elementary process which we have just described, Elizabeth and her council were not satisfied without completing the punishment with all the additional circumstances of barbarity which were indulged to them on the plea of treason.

So, in a few minutes, while life was still not only unextinguished but strong in Father Preston's frame, the executioner, with the aid of the pursuivants, going up two ladders, one placed on each side, cut the rope, and let Father Preston down again into the cart. Then they landed him on his back by the side of the fire burning fiercely on the greensward.

But here the unwilling Burgess of Stumpingford asks himself how he can find words to tell the whole of the unprecedented, brutal, and indecent barbarity which, in the presence of an English privy-council, was then committed on the body of a priest? He cannot write it. Enough to say, that the executioner, with that long bright knife of his, cuts open the region of the heart; while Father Preston, with eyes open, breathes, and twice pronounces the Holy Name of Jesus; tears that heart out, cuts open and tears out the entrails, and flings all into the fire. Then, and not till then, he seizes his victim by the hair, and with jagged cuts severs the head from the shoulders.

He lifted up the head to the crowd, and said, "This is the head of a traitor!"

"You lie!" said several loud voices.

Walsingham and the privy-councillors turned and looked fiercely. But they could not pursue the air. The voices which had spoken so stoutly could not be found. Father Preston's head and quarters, having been first duly boiled, were distributed—the head to the centre tower on London Bridge, the arms and legs to sundry telling points about Stumpingford. And so terminated Father Alfred Preston's glorious career. The prayers of those few—few, that is, compared with the vast raging multitude among whom they stood—the prayers of those few who attended the last agonies of their friends and spiritual fathers at Tyburn-tree, no doubt accompanied them as they went, and were associated with the consolations of the guardian angels who had never deserted them. If there is a spot in England on which the saints in

celestial glory may be supposed to look with more than ordinary complacency, as the scene of the grand end of many spiritual combats, it must be TYBURN.

We said that a picture existed at Preston Hall, the companion of the one which we have already described as representing Father Alfred Preston's capture. You will see this also during the well-behaved visit, which we know that you, excellent reader, have now promised to yourself. We need not describe this picture; it represents the scene which we have so feebly put upon paper. And perhaps, when you next see the turn from the Edgware Road into Oxford Street, and the Marble Arch, you will recollect the destinies which so often received their fulfilment close to you.

CHAPTER IX.

IS WITHOUT PREJUDICE.

THIS passage in the history of the Prestons, which they are apt to consider the most memorable of their house, has been often told to the Burgess of Stumpingford by his friend Mr. Preston. And the reader here has the fruits of the family tradition and the documents upon which it is built. No more of their blood was shed. They remained unchanged, and yet were brought lightly through the terrible century and a quarter that followed. We are not going to be biographers of the house of Preston, although a great quarto volume, filled with arms, epitaphs, pictures of monuments, a well-tracked pedigree, and history and anecdotes for every generation since, must tempt the antiquarian mind to such an undertaking. But we leave that to its right owner and times still more favourable.

For ourselves, we are anxious to return to Stumpingford, and disclose to the public the extraordinary events which have occurred in regard to some of our friends in that borough since the last page of our former history; and to afford an example of the reward which occasionally reaches modest merit.

But this morning,—the reader shall imagine it to be a crisp, bright, frosty morning,—we have a walk to take with our friend Mr. Preston of 1856. He is going to take us, and our readers by the aid of our pen, to visit a house the fortunes of which have been much more chequered than those of his own.

Early in the reign of Elizabeth, before the date of the events which we have just been relating, the Stumpynghfords

had quitted Stumpyngford Castle, and retired to a pleasant house, Woolscote Hall, which lay two miles further on the road beyond Preston Hall. Stumpyngford Castle gradually fell to decay, and passed into other hands. And its last remains were removed, as we all recollect, to make room for the great station of the Stumpingford and Thimblethwayte Railway;—whose chairman, we understand, is in the receipt of five thousand a year; directors and officers enjoying salaries to correspond; preference and guaranteed shares at par; and original shareholders in Stumpingford and Thimblethwayte stock,—a hundred pounds all paid up,—of the present value of sixteen; no dividend having, most unaccountably, been paid for the last two years, in spite of the obviously magnificent and prosperous state of the undertaking.

Woolscote Hall, which still remains, would have been Mr. Preston's earlier, but for an instance of curious generosity on the part of its last owner. This last owner, the last of the Stumpyngfords in the main line, had only one relation that he knew of in the world—Mr. Preston; and he was a good many cousinships off. He was a good deal older than Mr. Preston, more than old enough to be his father. He had always told him that he should be his heir, that he had never forgotten that he was a Stumpyngford in the female line, and that he wished Woolscote Hall and Preston Hall to be at last united. He was a remarkably active man, full of life and health to the last, and, like all his house, a very good Catholic. He had married early in life, had no children, and had lost his wife early. He had the not uncommon peculiarity of disliking business. But latterly this grew upon him to such an extent, that he shifted the burden of managing his property, which was considerable, upon a clever and, as it was supposed, honest attorney in Stumpingford—in fact, an uncle of our friend Snooks—Mr. Job Wyggins, a descendant of Parson Wyggins, of whom some mention has been made. This Job Wyggins had a character of great shrewdness, tempered, as we have said, by a parallel, though not, perhaps, exactly equal character for honesty. Mr. Stumpyngford never asked about his religion; he only knew that he was not a Catholic; and, in the course of the latter years of his life, trusted himself and his concerns to Job Wyggins as unsuspectingly as he would if he had had surer grounds for thinking well of him. There is no profession in which men of honour are more useful, and rogues more calamitous, than this. We shall leave our readers to judge what Mr. Job Wyggins was.

One day, some twenty-five years ago, Mr. Stumpyngford, for some reason or other, possibly because he was a good deal

turned sixty, thought he should like to make his will. So, after night prayers in his little chapel, he took pen and paper, and stoutly sat down to do what somehow or other every body finds a very pleasant thing. We suppose the philosophy of it is, that it is an act of absolute legislation, which, we believe, is always a pleasurable circumstance to the legislator at least. So he sat down, and on half-a-sheet of foolscap legislated for the future of Woolscote Hall. He made verbatim, as he intended it to stand, such a pious offering of himself to God as is common among Catholics and did not go out of fashion with others, in a sort, until a comparatively recent period; and then, having made sundry special bequests to friends and servants, and, among other persons, of five hundred pounds to Mr. Job Wyggins over and above any outstanding bill, he bequeathed the whole of what he had to Mr. Preston, burdened with one condition, which he knew would be a welcome one, namely, that the chapel should be perpetually kept open for the use of all Catholics upon the estate, and that a priest should be maintained permanently resident.

These were conditions which would have been no hardship to Mr. Preston.

Having finished his draft, he put it in his pocket; and the next day took a ride to Stumpington, and, calling at the office of Mr. Job Wyggins, put the draft into his hands, and desired him to prepare the will from it.

It was a critical moment in Mr. Job Wyggins's life. The peculiar tempter who watches over the dictation and management of the wills of Soupers dying and dictating—who holds the pious husband's hand, and tells him which interval will be the safe one when he may produce a document to suit his own purposes, and defeat all others, for the signature of his dying wife—this peculiar tempter must certainly have taken an interest in Mr. Job Wyggins this morning. He looked profoundly grave, with that gravity which certainly conceals from ordinary eyes such a multitude of levities. Surely his valued old friend was not ill, he hoped not. "But yet we are all mortal; and it certainly is the duty of a Christian—Mr. Stumpington would forgive him for saying so—it was the duty of a Christian to provide in this, as in all other things, for the inevitable moment of separation."

Mr. Stumpington said, "Oh, yes, of course." He was very fond of Wyggins; but as to his being a Christian, it had never struck him, and he did not quite know how to take it.

"I will bring it up to you to-morrow, Mr. Stumpington, if you will give me leave."

"Oh, certainly, certainly, the sooner the thing is done the

better. And as soon as it is done, you shall take it away and put it in your strong box; and never let me see it any more."

"With pleasure," said Wyggins, looking graver than ever. "You see," said he, brightening into a smile of trustworthiness and probity, and addressing himself to Jared Snooks, a promising young gentleman at that period,—“you see that Mr. Stumpyingford is determined that I shall keep his will for him."

Mr. Snooks had not arrived at the time of life when voice was required of him; and, wrenching his back a half-turn round upon his stool, only smiled smally, in a manner that intimated that he thought it all right.

"Good bye, Wyggins," said Mr. Stumpyingford; "tomorrow, at twelve, if you please."

"You may rely upon me, sir," said Wyggins.

The next day, true to his appointment, Wyggins was at Woolscote Hall. He was shown into the room where Mr. Stumpyingford was sitting.

"Have you got the will?" said Mr. Stumpyingford.

"I have it here," said Wyggins, tapping his pockets. "And now, my good sir, will you summon three of your servants or tenants to witness it?"

Mr. Stumpyingford rang the bell. His servant appeared.

"Call the cook and housemaid, and farmer Clark and farmer Weston." These were Mr. Stumpyingford's two tenants, who had been summoned to be witnesses, and brought with them, as the third, farmer Clark's son, who had married farmer Weston's daughter. The servant disappeared. Mr. Wyggins did not produce the will; but observed that it was a very fine day; but that, nevertheless, life was very uncertain,—propositions which Mr. Stumpyingford did not controvert. By the time that Mr. Wyggins had rubbed his hands, walked to the window, and peeped into his breastcoat-pocket, the three servants and the two farmers had come in. Mr. Wyggins's peep into his pocket was not absolutely because he had nothing better to do. The fact must be revealed, that there were at that moment in that breast-pocket no less than two wills; one prepared exactly in conformity with Mr. Stumpyingford's instructions, the other according to instructions received from Mr. Wyggins himself.

These instructions appeared by the will to be to the effect that, without any reservation at all as to priest or Mass, and with only a few bequests to servants, Mr. Stumpyingford proposed to leave the whole of his property, real and personal, whatsoever and wheresoever, whether in possession or expectancy, to his friend Job Wyggins, gentleman, one &c., to have

and to hold, to him, his executors, administrators, and assigns, for his and their own proper use and benefit for ever. One quite lingers over the tautology. One is tempted to forget, in the monotonous flow of those words, how many infamies they have covered, how many wretches they have conducted through our constitutional Slough of Despond—the High Court of Chancery, Master's Offices, and issues to be tried before a jury at common law,—and thence, by the easy, most gradual, and most natural transition, to poverty, beggary, the work-house, and the grave. There they were, however, once more, as they are every day, for good or evil, and now safe in Mr. Wyggins's breast-pocket, ready to be produced according to circumstances.

For, you see, Mr. Wyggins's idea was this: if he could get Mr. Stumpyngford to sign without reading, very well,—then number 2 was the card, and all was his; for he would suggest to Mr. Stumpyngford that he should himself read the will aloud. The first part of the wrong will was the same as the first part of the true one; and Mr. Wyggins was ready to say from memory the whole of the rest of the true one, keeping the wrong one before him. But if Mr. Stumpyngford should show signs of intending to read the will, either before or after signature, number 1 was ready to take its place; and if number 2 should have been already signed, Mr. Wyggins had no doubt that, with such a hand as Mr. Stumpyngford's only opposed to his, the explanation that a wrong document had been signed by mistake would be at once accepted, and he would only have to put it in the fire on the spot. It was certainly a bold game; but Wyggins knew his man, and determined to win, if possible, with the happy security that he could but be where he was, at all events.

"Shall I have the pleasure," said he, when the servants and witnesses were all in, "of reading your will aloud to you, Mr. Stumpyngford?"

"Well," said that gentleman, "is it necessary?"

"Better, I think," said Mr. Wyggins. "These gentlemen and these ladies"—turning to the servants and farmers, upon which the housemaid and cook sniffed very much—"would," continued Mr. Wyggins unabashed, and looking smilingly towards them,—“would be also better satisfied, probably, if I read the will aloud to you.”

"Not in the least, sir," said Mr. Stumpyngford's servant, bowing to his master; "not in the least," bowing to Mr. Wyggins.

"I am sure, not in the least," whimpered the housemaid and cook.

"Oh, fie," said Mr. Wyggins, quite confidentially. "So, if you please, sir, we will make a beginning."

Mr. Stumpyingford had written the introduction to his will in Latin; so Mr. Wyggins, having produced the will which conveyed the property to him, which was headed and for several lines went on exactly like the true one, began to read, with his preternatural gravity once more, "In nomine Patris et Filii et Spiritus Sancti. Amen." Mr. Stumpyingford bowed his head, and said Amen very quietly. His man, and the housemaid and cook, said Amen very loud. Mr. Wyggins, removing his spectacles from his nose, made a gentle wave with them in a horizontal direction towards every body's eyes like a broad-sword cut, dropping his own eyes at the same time. Replacing the spectacles on his nose, he went on:

"I, Rodolph Stumpyingford, being of sound mind and body at this present moment, but recollecting the uncertainty of life, and that at my age I cannot hope to see many more years"—the housemaid and cook here became unmanageable, and asseverated, through their tears and aprons, that they did not believe any such thing, and hoped it was not true.

Mr. Wyggins, sincerely impatient at the interruption, raised his left hand and went on—"do hereby make this my last will and testament, cancelling and revoking all other wills and testaments by me at any time heretofore made. Imprimis, I commend my soul to God." Our readers will forgive us, we hope, for not, under present circumstances, dwelling upon the religious expressions of the transaction. We are citizens of the world, and are not unacquainted with it; but we feel this to be a little too much. "Item, I give and bequeath to my excellent and faithful friend and servant, John Forrester, for his life"—Mr. Stumpyingford looked up and nodded to John—"the sum of fifty pounds per annum, to be paid out of a sum of six thousand pounds now standing in my name in the three per cent consolidated annuities. Item, I give and bequeath to my cook, Hannah Jones, for her life, the sum of forty pounds per annum, to be paid out of the said sum of six thousand pounds now standing in my name as before." Here Hannah Jones went off uncontrollably. The next item gave the same sum to Mary Smith, the housemaid. At the conclusion of which reading the uproar of the grief of the two women was very noticeable. They both sobbed out that they hated money; and, bless their honest hearts, they at least were sincere for the moment. Mr. Wyggins looked up imploringly. John Forrester was not quite in a condition to be severe with them; but nudged the

cook a little to be rather quieter. Wyggins was winning the day.

"That will do, Wyggins," said Mr. Stumpynghford; "for goodness sake, stop. I've had enough." So had Wyggins.

"But you know, sir, they must sign," said he to Mr. Stumpynghford.

"To be sure; give me the pen. Where's the will?"

The critical moment had now come. Wyggins, folding back the will, which was on a single piece of parchment, so as to double out of sight the greatest part of it, now trusted to what he would have called his good luck, and the great illegibility of the hand in which he had engrossed the will; and, above all, to Mr. Stumpynghford's utter impatience of business,—for the success of his plot, so long brooded over in secret. Mr. Stumpynghford signed without looking at any thing. The three stout yeomen, who might have looked till the present moment without reading a word, signed their names duly to the assurance that they had witnessed the will at Mr. Stumpynghford's request, in his presence and in the presence of each other.

"Now, Wyggins," said Mr. Stumpynghford, "shut that up." How willingly Wyggins complied with the injunction! "Put it in your pocket, and never let me see it again." The tenants, John Forrester, and the maids retired, still looking as if injured. "Stay and dine, Wyggins."

"Thank you, my dear sir, not to-day. I have business which calls me home this morning; but, some day soon, if you will honour me with another call to your house, I shall be most happy." So he went his way.

[To be continued.]

DOCTOR ANGELICUS.

I.

Cross this aisle,—within yon chapel
Kneel amid the chequered shade,
Through the long and floating curtains,
By the sun of Naples made:
Kneel, and let the bygone ages
Through your fancy drift and fade.

II.

Underneath this very archway,
On the stone you kneel on now,
Once the king of thought was kneeling,
Bending low that noble brow
Born to sound the Spirit's ocean
And the eternal Why and How.

III.

Pale that cheek from early boyhood,
Pale that dome of kingly mind,
But the hidden heart a furnace
Scarce the throbbing frame could bind,—
Furnace fanned by angel-pinions
And the Paraclete's swift wind.

IV.

Wider range of proud dominion,
Farther vision, loftier flight,
Ne'er hath human genius conquered
In the glory of its might :
Summed in him old rival wisdoms,
Plato and the Stagirite.

V.

Love and meekness, high revealings
More to prayer than toil made known,
Light called down in tears and penance,
Nothing deemed of as his own ;
Thus had swept his being upwards
To the angels' starry zone.

VI.

In the blush of earliest morning
Daily did those hands uphold
High the sweet and blessed Victim
For the Father to behold :
Then the cell, the massy volume
And the antique parchment rolled.

VII.

God the Triune,—Mary, Angels,—
Truths half-shown in twilight gloom,—
Nature, Grace, Free-will, Fore-knowledge,
Worship's joy, rebellion's doom,
Christ in eucharistic wonder,
Christ and bliss beyond the tomb,—

VIII.

Such his themes : the high brow laboured,
Swift the eager fingers wrote,
Down from God on that lone student
Light unutterable smote ;
There he bathed, as doth the morning
Vapour-gem in glory float.

IX.

Prayer and labour!—lettered pages
 Grew beneath the ceaseless hand,
 At this day the stately volumes
 Wayward Europe's wonder stand ;
 Round him still Priest, Bishop, Pontiff
 Hang, a humble student-band.

X.

Not the iron nerve of Reason
 Only unto him was lent,
 Poesy in torrent music
 Through those parted lips was sent,
 And he sang at Rome's high bidding
 JESUS in the SACRAMENT.

XI.

It was here one day, when kneeling
 Rapt in hidden strife of prayer,
 Low grave tones of tender accent
 Glided through the quiet air :
 From yon cross, slow bending o'er him,
 Bowed the thorn-crowned brow so fair.

XII.

And from far through yon dim arches
 Seen it was by wondering men,
 O'er the ground the Saint, still kneeling,
 Gently borne : the clear voice then,—
 "Well concerning Me, O Thomas,
 Thou hast written ;" and again—

XIII.

"What reward wouldst thou, my servant?"
 Weeping, weeping while the sword
 Of a life's long love went through him,
 And with voice of broken chord,
 Thomas answered, "O my Master,—
 Nothing save Thyself, O Lord!"

XIV.

And the vision closed. Though o'er him
 Manhood's bloom still lingered fair,
 Brief that lofty soul's detention,
 Brief his angel's term of care ;
 Then away to hold in heaven
 The reward awaiting there.

XV.

*"Tantum ergo Sacramentum
Veneremur cernui"—*

Still those words the Church is sounding,
Still will sound while time shall be :—
Thou that sang them first, plead for us
Unto Him that spake to thee !

R. M.

Reviews.

SECRET HISTORY OF THE CATHOLIC RELIEF BILL.

Memoirs of the Court of England during the Regency, 1811-1820. By the Duke of Buckingham and Chandos. London, Hurst and Blackett, 1856.

Memoirs by the Right Honourable Sir Robert Peel. Published by the Trustees of his Papers,—Lord Mahon (now Earl Stanhope) and the Right Hon. Edward Cardwell. Part I. *The Roman Catholic Question, 1828-9.* London, John Murray, 1856.

IN our review of Mr. Langdale's *Memoirs of Mrs. Fitzherbert* we presented our readers with a sketch of the royal Crispin of England,—

Monstrum nullâ virtute redemptum,
A vitiis, æger, solâque libidine fortis,—

in his private character as a husband and lover ; we will now bring him before their notice in his public character as a ruler and statesman : and certainly, whether as regards his meanness and duplicity towards all those he acted with, his inconsistency in keeping to one line of political conduct, or his sacrifice of the dearest interests of the country to his own love of ease and self-indulgence, his public morality will be found scarcely more edifying than that which he practised in private.

The first work we must notice is the *Memoirs of the Duke of Buckingham*, in which we have many private letters of different members of his family, now published for the first time. They are much too long and prosy for general readers ; but they contain invaluable information for the compiler of history. They begin with an account of the intrigues of Mr. Perceval to retain his post as prime minister on the first appointment of the Prince of Wales as regent. We must give our readers a short *résumé* of them by way of introduction. Knowing, as he did, that the prince had no principles what-

ever, that he was influenced only by interest, a love of ease, and the gratification of his passions, Mr. Perceval "appealed to those ladies who were known to exercise most influence over the prince; and they proved most zealous advocates." Not content with this, and knowing that since the death of Fox, Sheridan of all his old friends had most influence over him, he gained over that fallen star by bribes; nor was the prince himself proof against the offer of any amount of civilist and regal establishment he might require. In short, Mr. Perceval left no stone unturned to gain his object. He excited the bigotry of the queen, by telling her a Whig ministry would concede the Catholic claims; and he bribed the king's chief physician to tell the regent that his majesty would in all probability be so exasperated, when he found his ministers changed, that it would cause his death. We may remark, by the way, that Mr. Wilberforce in his Diary says, "Mrs. Fitzherbert and Lady Hertford both advised him (the prince) to retain Mr. Perceval." There is no doubt that the latter lady did so; but Mr. Langdale informs us that Mrs. Fitzherbert, on the contrary, strongly recommended him not to desert his old friends. The result, however, of all this intrigue was, that the weak-minded and inconstant prince, having first commanded Lords Grenville and Grey to draw up an answer to the address, disapproved of it when so drawn up, and sent another, nominally of his own, but really of Sheridan's concocting, which was, of course, declined. And this was the last piece of political dishonesty Sheridan was enabled to practise; "soon after, this once-brilliant meteor sunk into the horizon, never to rise again."

As the subject of the Catholic claims was the great question of the day during the whole time of the regency and subsequent reign of George IV., towards the latter period of which it was finally settled, we will consider the conduct of this shuffling prince more especially in reference to them; and in doing so we shall be enabled to lay before our readers many new and interesting details from the two works we are reviewing.

The prince, when he first became regent, was pledged to the removal of the Catholic disabilities. Mr. W. H. Freeman writes to the Marquis of Buckingham, 25th Oct. 1811: "The question of Ireland is parried judiciously enough for a short time; and I *know*, as I dare say you do equally, that the prince is pledged as strongly as man can be (even of a very late date) to support the Catholics." But it was manifest that he was now engaged in a new amour, and that he would be directed in his political conduct by Lady Hertford,

his new mistress, who was opposed to the Catholics. This new intrigue was ushered in by a repetition of the feigned illness and pretended suicide, that made him so ridiculous in Mrs. Fitzherbert's case. The only difference is, that poison was substituted for the dagger. He confined himself to his bed, and took a hundred drops of laudanum every three hours. To those who came to consult him, he gave out that he had sprained his ankle, and was too ill to transact business, as an excuse for his breach of faith. He pretended to be annoyed that the Catholic Bishops and people of Ireland *would* claim their rights inopportunately, and so give him and his ministers additional trouble and anxiety in a particularly anxious time; though still professing to be their friend. Accordingly Mr. Tierney writes, Nov. 14, "The Catholics of Ireland have unwisely commenced a movement which their friends in England have found it impossible to forward;" and in a letter addressed to the Marquis of Buckingham, dated Dec. 2, 1811, we are told, "The language of those most intimate with the prince now is, that he considers the conduct of the Catholics as personally hostile to him; inasmuch as it shows an utter distrust of his intentions, when he should be his own master, and in the interim agitates his government to the centre; and that so long as they assumed this menacing attitude, he would give way to no change which would distinctly favour their objects."

We suspect that at this time the influence of Mrs. Fitzherbert over her husband had not quite become extinct, and that Lady Hertford had not yet acquired that ascendancy over his mind which she afterwards had. This would partly account for the indecision of the prince and the ministry; for while Mr. Perceval and a majority of the cabinet were determined to oppose the Catholic claims, Lord Wellesley and the minority had equally made up their minds to support them, and that openly. We have a letter of the poet Moore to Lady Donegal, written in the beginning of January 1812, and published in his *Memoirs*, vol. i. p. 266, which says, "There is no guessing what the prince means to do. One can as little anticipate his measures as those of Bonaparte; but for a *very different reason*. I am sure the powder in his royal highness's hair is much more settled than any thing in his head, or indeed heart, and would stand a puff of Mr. Perceval's much more stoutly."

In the mean time the prince became really ill, having brought on an attack of paralysis in the arm from the immense quantity of laudanum he had taken. He put off his decision on the Catholic claims from day to day. Even his intimates could not guess what would be his final determination.

He was frightened to death, and was very angry with the Opposition for pressing the question on so as to add to his distress. The pretence was put forward that it would be *indélicate* to do any thing for the Catholics during the illness or life of the king. This might be for another fifteen or twenty years. "Will the rest of the world stand still for him," writes Lord Grenville to the Marquis of Buckingham; "and will Ireland be as easy to be settled then as it would even now, when it is about ten times more difficult than it was ten or twelve years ago?"

Even now the prince had not entirely thrown off the mask. We have a letter to the marquis, dated January 21, 1812; the name of the writer is not given; but he is evidently a cabinet minister; for he tells him he was in council the day before. It is too long to quote; but the following is a *résumé* of its contents. The writer thinks a separation must take place on the question of the Catholic claims. The prince said the Catholics had treated him badly, but he still wished to serve them. Lord Wellesley said he thought the existing disabilities evils in themselves, which must sooner or later endanger the state, if persisted in; whereas Mr. Perceval considered them beneficial, and necessary to be maintained, as so many safeguards to its well-being and existence: but the mode of getting rid of a system which had obtained for such a length of time was acknowledged by all to be a difficulty of no common weight and magnitude. The prince then had a private interview with Lord Wellesley, which lasted six hours, in which the latter stated his views at length; and the former repeatedly cried out during its continuance, "Admirable! this will do, my dear lord; my own sentiments exactly;" and it ended very satisfactorily. Lord Wellesley thought he should be supported by Lords Camden, Westmoreland, Mulgrave, and Melville, and perhaps the Chancellor, who was not a little fluctuating; while Perceval was immovable, and warmly supported by Lords Liverpool and Bathurst, Yorke, and Ryder. The writer goes on to ask, will the Catholics take emancipation piecemeal, or will they accept it only entire? Will they concede a negative power to the crown in the making of bishops, and not meddle with the chancellorship or lord-keeper? Supposing the law, army, and revenue open to them, would they defer a provision for their clergy, and seats in parliament, to another opportunity? From all this the writer makes the following three deductions: first, the prince has made up his mind to the amelioration of the Catholics, in a very material degree, if not totally, as the first act of his government; secondly, that

the government will come to an irreparably wide breach on the occasion; and thirdly, that the prince must choose between Lord Wellesley and the Opposition. We shall presently see how far removed the event was from the prediction.

We would remark, in passing, that we have yet got but an instalment of what was even in George III.'s time acknowledged to be our due. The chancellorship has not been thrown open to us; nor has any provision been yet made for the Irish clergy out of the revenues of the Protestant Establishment; though, thank God, we have steered clear of the negative influence of the crown in the election of bishops. Perhaps it is as well that matters are still in abeyance; for Catholics themselves are divided as to what ought to be done in Ireland. Some think that the revenues of the Protestant Establishment ought to be devoted to secular purposes, or doled out to all religions in proportion to their number. We confess we are not of that opinion. We would rather things went on as they are till the Church becomes strong enough to claim all ecclesiastical property, of which she had unjustly been deprived, as belonging exclusively to her; and that as a matter of right, and not as a gift of the state. In other words, that the Catholic Church and Protestant Establishment should change places; with this difference, that whereas the Establishment has made itself a creature of the state, by receiving property from her which was not hers to give, we should merely receive it as our right, in the light of a restoration of stolen goods; and should consider it only as the gift of the pious individuals who originally bestowed it on the Church. But the most irritating of all the penal laws is the one which compels the sovereign to be Protestant. We are often accused of disloyalty to the crown. It is false; but if we were to use an *argumentum ad hominem*, and answer, that at all events we are not more disloyal to a Protestant sovereign than their ancestors were to a Catholic one, and that surely they could not blame us for following the "glorious" example they set us in our behaviour to a monarch of a different religion to ourselves, we don't see what they could say in reply. Besides, there is something peculiarly offensive in compelling us to be loyal to a king as long as he differs from us in religion; but if he does what we think the most glorious thing he can do, and that which entitles him to our highest praise, namely, become a Catholic, in expecting us to reward his good action with the basest ingratitude and disloyalty. If we are to be disloyal to a king of the same religion as ourselves, what feelings do our opponents think we should have towards one who differs from us?

The perfect understanding that appeared to exist between the Marquis Wellesley and the Prince Regent, the desire of the prince for the accession of Lord Grenville to the cabinet, and the presumed inclination of his royal highness towards the Catholics, were so many fallacies. The Wellesley preference had "set in with too strong a tide to be lasting; and that brilliant but somewhat imprudent minister was never so insecure of his anticipated leadership, as when his royal master poured into his ear his confidence and commendation."

As soon as Lord Wellesley thought every thing ripe for his attaining the post of prime minister, he made the following declaration to the Prince Regent: that the royal household, and those circumstances connected with it, being in a fair way of arrangement, he (Lord Wellesley) "thought it due to the prince to state, that many personal considerations rendered it impossible for him to serve under Mr. Perceval any longer than it suited the prince's wishes;" that he therefore proposed to withdraw from the government at a reasonable period; but would regulate the time by the prince's convenience and wishes. The prince expressed himself perfectly satisfied with Lord Wellesley's reasons (his opposition to Mr. Perceval on the Catholic question) and conduct. Lord Wellesley then wrote to Mr. Perceval tendering his resignation; who, in reply, expressed himself deeply grieved at his determination; at the same time acknowledging the fairness of his conduct towards him individually: but using no argument whatever to dissuade him from his resolution. Mr. Perceval then went to the prince; and stating the substance of Lord Wellesley's note, said, "it was utterly impossible for the government to go on without giving him an immediate successor." The prince expressed himself surprised, and said, "that the resignation of Lord Wellesley was only one *in petto*; not an immediate, but a postponed, resignation; and that it would put him (the prince) into great difficulty, and produce him much uneasiness of mind, to disturb the government as it was at present composed." Mr. Perceval, however, pertinaciously maintaining his opinion, the prince acquiesced, and named Lord Castlereagh to fill the vacant seat. He, however, declined the honour; and Mr. Perceval, very much mortified, again sought an interview with the prince, and proposed to bring in Lord Sidmouth and his friends.

The prince, very angry with Mr. Perceval for making this proposition,—for he had a great dislike of Lord Sidmouth,—replied, "I never will have confidence in that person, or in any one who forces him upon me. If after this you choose to employ him, be it so; but I warn you that you must undertake

all the responsibility of the measure yourself."* Mr. Perceval hereupon took alarm, and after returning to the charge on two other occasions with the same success, at length made the following modest proposition: "That, as the measure of Lord Wellesley's immediate resignation could not be carried into effect, and as Lord Wellesley's determination was known to the cabinet, in order to go on at all with propriety it would be necessary that his royal highness should empower him to state that he possessed his (the prince's) entire and exclusive confidence, in whatever quarter he might have occasion to use the assertion of such authority." The prince positively and repeatedly refused to do this, and in such a tone of sarcasm and distrust, that Mr. Perceval must have remarked it. He afterwards informed Lord Wellesley of all that passed, "with the severest comments on Perceval's craft, impudence, and folly."

The next step of the Prince Regent was an attempt to disunite Lords Grey and Grenville; for he felt that it would not be quite politic to throw off the mask as regarded Lord Wellesley, without first separating the Opposition leaders. To effect this purpose, he wrote a letter to the Duke of York (which, with Lords Grenville and Grey's answer, appears in the *Annual Register* of 1812), dated Feb. 13, in which, after saying, "I cannot conclude without expressing the gratification I should feel if some of those persons with whom the early habits of my public life were formed would strengthen my hands and constitute a part of my government," he authorises him to communicate his letter to Lord Grey; but he failed in his attempt. Lord Grenville, in the most indignant terms, speaks of this attempt, "which trick," he adds, "will entirely fail as to creating any jealousy between Grey and me." That the prince did not intend a successful issue to this negotiation is clear from his choice of the person to conduct it, as he could not have selected any one more decidedly hostile to the settlement of the Catholic question than the Duke of York. Besides, if the regent was withheld, as he says, "from expressing his sentiments at an earlier period of the session, by his earnest desire that the expected motion on the affairs of Ireland might undergo the deliberate discussion of parliament unmixed with any other consideration," why did he send down "Tyrwhitt, M'Mahon, &c. in the House of Commons, and Lord Lake, &c. in the House of Lords, to vote against it?" This letter, in short, is a specimen of falsehood and low cunning too superficial to deceive any body. "There has not been," writes

* He very soon afterwards accepted him, though.

Lord Grenville, "indeed there could not be, one moment's difference of opinion between Grey and myself in this business. He is still more incensed than I am at the unworthy trick of attempting to separate us; indeed he has more reason to be so, because it could succeed only by his acting in an unworthy manner."

Lords Grey and Grenville returned a dignified though not very courtly answer, nominally to the Duke of York, but in reality to the low trickster, whom it was impossible to treat as a gentleman, ruler of the country however he might be. In it they remind him that he had deceived them twice already, in 1809 and 1811; and they insinuate that they do not mean to be entrapped a third time. They then state the policy they should feel themselves called on to adopt, and in it the immediate repeal of the civil disabilities that press on the Catholics has a prominent position.

It seems that all through this affair the prince's intention was to turn out Lord Wellesley and form a pure Tory and anti-Catholic ministry; but through fear that Canning, and Lords Wellesley, Grey, and Grenville, would act together against it, he attempted in the above-mentioned manner to separate the two latter. This failing, the old farce of No Popery was resorted to, as in more recent times, in the hour of distress.

The Duke of Norfolk and Lord Moira were offered the Garter to separate them from the Opposition, but they declined it, though Lord Grenville was afraid the former would have accepted it; for, says he, "all flesh is grass, and the duke is very fleshy." The end of it all was, that Lord Castlereagh was at last induced to accept Lord Wellesley's seat. "The prince," says Sir Samuel Romilly in his memoirs, "does not pass a day without visiting Lady Hertford. It seems that a total sacrifice of honour and character is a necessary qualification for entering into his service."

We have nice little edifying episodes of Lord Wellesley and Mr. Perceval outbidding each other in the amount of civil-list they would respectively give the prince, who, after all, was obliged to abate three-fourths of his demand. And when he had finally appointed Perceval to be prime minister, he assured Lord Wellesley, on his honour, that it was only a temporary appointment for two or three days longer. Perceval, the prince, and Lady Hertford, were now the triumvirate to whom the destinies of England were committed; and Lord Wellesley expressed to Lord Eldon the great pleasure he felt in escaping further contamination by serving under them. We must quote his last words on delivering up the seals to the Prince Regent,

which would be equally applicable to certain persons at the present day :

“The wretched set of people, sir, who refuse to listen to the claims, the wishes, or even the prejudices of such a portion of your subjects as the Irish Catholics, ought as statesmen to be driven into the ranks of private life, and, as men governed by selfish motives alone, should be hooted out of society.”

The following amusing anecdote is preserved by Moore : “When Lord Moira told the prince that in a very short time he should make his bow and quit the country, this precious gentleman began to blubber (as he did when he was told that Brummel did not like the cut of his coat), and said, ‘You’ll desert me, then, Moira.’ ‘No, sir,’ said he ; ‘when the friends and counsels you have chosen shall have brought your throne to totter beneath you, you will then see me by your side under its ruins with you.’ ”

Mr. Grattan, on the 23d of April, moved for a committee to inquire into the state of the penal laws as they affected the Catholics of Ireland. Against which the regent engaged in an active and personal canvass ; so much so, that his brothers of Kent and Clarence yielded to his arguments. Perceval set up Nicholls to raise the No-Popery cry ; but it was a failure. The minister only got a majority of 94 (the *Annual Register* says 300 against 215, majority 85), and more than half of these declared their opposition was but temporary. The prince was outrageous at the majority, which he expected to be much greater ; and his anger was increased by the people not even noticing him as he passed through the streets : when he went to see *Henry V.* performed all the allusions to the Prince of Wales’s breach of faith were vehemently cheered.

On the 11th of May Perceval was assassinated, and the other ministers expressed great doubts as to being able to conduct the government without some proposition either to Grey and Greville on the one side, or Wellesley and Canning on the other. Lord Liverpool accordingly made a proposition to Mr. Canning and Lord Wellesley : a long correspondence followed, not contained in these memoirs, but which our curious readers will find in the *Annual Register* for 1812, where it occupies sixteen pages. The upshot of it was, that Wellesley and Canning’s opinions on the Catholic question prevented their cooperation with the present ministry. On the 21st a motion was carried in the House of Commons, praying the prince to form an efficient administration. Ministers in consequence resigned, and Lord Wellesley was sent for.

Mr. Grenville gives us the following bit of gossip. He says that Lord Wellesley, whose licentiousness was as notorious

as the regent's, but who had the sense not to allow his vices to become public calamities, told the prince, when he complained of the "grossness of *female connections* being adverted to in *political controversies*," that "he had female connections enough, and did not care who knew of them; but that he took ample care that no woman whatever should ever have any thing to say to him on the subject of politics."

New negotiations commenced on the 23d with a communication from Mr. Canning to Lord Liverpool; but both he and Melville declined to take any part in a Wellesley administration. Lord Wellesley then had a long correspondence with Lords Moira, Grenville, and Grey: this perfectly succeeded; but the prince was only using Wellesley as a tool. This great *omnium rerum simulator ac dissimulator*, as Sallust calls Catiline, was in daily intercourse with Lady Hertford; and that clever woman exercised her influence in behalf of Lord Liverpool. The prince declared he would never employ the Opposition, for daring to turn this "pestilent secret-influence" into ridicule; his object, therefore, was to "collect as many difficulties as he could from all public men, and to plead those difficulties as necessarily leading him to patch up with the old government." Every body of course was outrageous at his conduct. "Never was such a state of things seen," writes Lord Grenville. "The violence and the contempt expressed of the Prince Regent are beyond all imagination, and are truly shocking to think of." The scheme concocted between the prince and his mistress perfectly succeeded, and the Tory administration was retained, with a pretence thrown out that the Catholics would be allowed a committee, which it was well understood would go no further.

It seems the prince well knew the corrupt and venal state of the House of Commons at this time. The majority of the members kept out of the way till they knew what the new ministry would be. Lord Grenville writes to his brother: "I am completely disgusted and scandalised to see that, after such an outrageous insult offered to the House of Commons, and the unprecedented contempt shown to their address by the appointment of the same Lords Liverpool, Castlereagh, &c., in the very teeth of the promise of the Prince Regent,—after all this, to see that neither Ponsonby nor Tierney, nor any one member of parliament, thought fit to call the attention of the house to what had just happened. All this does, I confess, look to me like the consummation of the insignificance and degradation of the House of Commons." He afterwards congratulates himself that he did not endeavour to join a ministry from which he and his friends were to be ejected on the first

pretence, or the first raising of a No-Popery cry. "From all this we were saved, not by any want of courage on our side, but by the triumph of inveterate duplicity and the low arts of a palace over an inflexible and proud integrity."

The following incident shows how great an influence the Prince Regent and ministry had gained over this corrupt parliament. At the end of the session in 1813 Mr. Abbot, afterwards Lord Colchester, the speaker of the House of Commons, excited by his bigotry, most unconstitutionally alluded, in his address to the throne, to a Catholic emancipation-bill brought in but not passed. This was most decidedly an infringement of the privileges of debate, one of which is, that nothing which transpires in the House is to be brought under the notice of the crown without the leave of the House in which it takes place. Will it be believed that ministers, although they could say nothing in defence of the speaker, yet approved of his conduct, and obtained a majority of 168 in his favour—274 against 106; and Canning voted with ministers! Well might Lord Grenville exclaim that every thing was sacrificed to party. What chance had the poor Catholics from a majority who could acquiesce in an opinion unconstitutionally given "that the adherents of a foreign power ought not to enjoy any place of trust in England."

The Catholic question might now be considered shelved: no concession was any longer to be expected. We must pass over the weary time that elapsed between this period of the regency to the latter part of the reign of George IV.—the year 1828—and to Sir Robert Peel's own memoir of the circumstances and correspondence connected with the passing of the Catholic relief bill. After perusing this volume, we may truly say that the bill was wrung from enemies as a political necessity, and not granted by friends or lukewarm supporters as an act of grace, or even of justice. Sir Robert Peel apologises for his conduct as if he had committed a crime against society, instead of defending it as an act of necessary statesmanship; and makes protestations of his innocence and good faith, as if the silly fanatics who barked against him were not completely beneath his notice. His character is lowered rather than increased in our estimation by the publication of these memoirs; for although his foresight of the consequences of refusing these just claims was certainly in advance of the bigoted Tory party, he was as sorry as they that the necessity for granting them should exist.

Sir Robert had certainly been always opposed to concession. In 1812 he voted against Mr. Canning's motion to that effect. His chief reason was, that the Established Church of Ireland

would be endangered by the repeal of the penal laws—a melancholy proof that when it is determined to entail on a country one injustice, it is necessary to prop it up by other crimes as bad as the first. We cannot oppress a country in one particular without oppressing it in all. Sir Robert was quite right in disbelieving that the passing of the bill would put an end to all religious animosity between Great Britain and Ireland. The doing away with one cause of complaint only concentrates attention on the others. He is quite right, too, in saying that the establishment of the theoretical equality of civil privileges appears to imply an equal claim for the practical enjoyment of the confidence and favour of the crown—a doctrine which we are sorry to say has not even yet been fully carried out in Ireland, but which should be tried, in spite of Sir Robert's opinion that Catholics and Protestants would not pull well together in office.

The question of concession had been negatived in the House of Commons in 1827 by a majority of only four votes—276 against 272. The schism among the late members of Lord Liverpool's administration prevented their return to office. The king therefore sent for the Duke of Wellington on the break-up of the Goderich ministry in January 1828, and commissioned him to form a new administration, giving him a *carte blanche* excepting only Lord Grey. Catholic emancipation was to be an open question; but the king insisted that the two chancellors and the lord-lieutenant of Ireland should be Protestant. It was evident, as Peel says, that the attempt to form an anti-Catholic administration would be perfectly hopeless; so, at the request of the Duke of Wellington, he joined the new ministry. Lord Anglesea was the new lord-lieutenant of Ireland, and Mr. Lamb, afterwards Lord Melbourne, chief secretary.

The first thing the new ministry had to consider was, the propriety of continuing the act for the suppression of unlawful societies in Ireland. Lord Anglesea and Mr. Lamb were both opposed to its renewal, as only tending to keep alive a feeling of exasperation, the manifestations of which it would be difficult to suppress. Peel thought that although "the position of the government in abandoning the law without having made a trial of it was very embarrassing, yet, as Mr. Joy, the attorney-general for Ireland, considered the act very defective, and easy to be evaded," it was better not to seek from parliament a continuance of it; and the cabinet decided according to his opinion. At the same time, he considered that the common law ought to be rigorously put in force, even with risk of failure. "The truth is," he adds, "that

without the absolute suppression of all liberty of speech, it was no easy matter to frame enactments which should preclude evasion; and such absolute suppression it was impossible to obtain from parliament."

The repeal of the Test-act, carried against ministers by a majority of forty-four, was not without its effect on the new administration. All wise men saw that a sacramental test was little short of a blasphemy: it was the degradation of a sacred thing to be a stepping-stone to some paltry municipal office; but the bishops, whom Peel consulted, insisted on a declaration of conformity instead. They declared that equality of civil privilege was incompatible with the idea of an Established Church; but Peel told them he should be very sorry to rest the defence of the Establishment on that line of argument.

It was evident that the discussion of this question was in some sort a preparation for that of the Catholic claims. On the 8th of May 1828 Sir Francis Burdett brought forward his motion for their consideration, which was carried by 272 against 266. All the argument and all the chief speakers were on his side. He was supported by all the rising talent of the House. This, added to the split in the cabinet, owing to the bill for the disfranchisement of East Redford, made Peel think he should be obliged to retire.

Then came the great Clare election, which ended in the return of O'Connell against Vesey Fitzgerald. This was regarded by Peel as the turning-point of the Catholic question. It is described in a series of letters between Peel, Lord Anglesea, Vesey Fitzgerald, and Lord Francis Gower. It is really amusing to read the whining, canting, and abusive tone of some of these letters. Because the Catholic people began to understand their power, and would not vote for those opposed to them, the "degradation of the country was completed," according to these gentlemen. Peel was really as violent and bigoted as the most bitter Orangeman. The only difference we see between the two is, that Peel could sacrifice his bigotry and feelings to his reason, as soon as he saw the people would no longer remain serfs, and that the old game was up; while the stupid Orangemen would have rushed blindly and madly on to revolution and destruction. Mr. Fitzgerald writes, "All the great interests of the country broke down, and the desertion has been universal. Such a scene as we have had! such a tremendous prospect open to us!" "The Clare election," says Peel, "supplied the manifest proof of an abnormal and unhealthy condition of the public mind in Ireland,—the manifest proof that the sense of

a common grievance, and the sympathies of a common interest, were beginning to loosen the ties which connect different classes of men in friendly relations with each other." Really we are indignant when we read such stuff: he might as well talk of a common interest between wolves and sheep, or between the negro and the slave-driver, as between the Protestant landlords and Catholic tenants of Ireland at that time. He gravely tells us that there is real danger to a country when tenants refuse to be driven to the poll by their landlords: "The real danger was in the peaceable and legitimate exercise of a franchise according to the will and conscience of the holder." There is no doubt that, if Peel could have seen any way of uniting the Protestantism of England against the Catholics, he would have reconquered Ireland instead of granting emancipation. The serf of Clare was now inspired with the resolution and energy of a freeman. Peel saw that he must be either reconquered or emancipated: he chose the latter course; but it was a very bitter pill to him. Ireland was in a "fearful state," according to him, "because all considerations of personal gratitude, ancient family connection, local preferences, the fear of worldly injury, the hope of worldly advantage, was subordinate to the one absorbing sense of religious obligation and public duty." We, on the contrary, should have considered these as very hopeful symptoms. He also feared, or professed to fear, the spread of disaffection among the Catholic soldiers.

The session of 1828 ended on the 28th of July. Before its close, Lord Lansdowne brought forward the Catholic question in the House of Lords; but his motion was lost by a majority of forty-four. Although the general tenor of the debate was in its favour, Peel wished to resign; but expressed an earnest hope that the Duke of Wellington, who was less deeply committed on the question than himself, would remain and settle the whole matter. He, however, drew up a plan of concession, which he sent to the duke. The king was decidedly opposed to it; and as there was still a majority in the House of Lords against it, the final settlement might still be obstructed for a time; but at what a risk!—a risk Peel, as a statesman, could not make up his mind to run. Besides, Lord Anglesea was most anxious that a settlement should take place; he writes, "Few, very few even of reputed Orangemen now dispute the fact, that it must at not a distant period be adjusted. Every hour increases the difficulty." In truth the Orangemen really began to be frightened. Mr. Leslie Forster writes, they would have no objection to Catholic lawyers being admitted to the bench, provided the forty-shilling

franchise was abolished, and a strong Protestant government established in Ireland. They were thus, though seeming to yield a little, still determined to keep their ascendancy. Lord Anglesea was subsequently recalled; and Lord Bathurst was offered the lord-lieutenancy, but refused it.

At the close of the year Peel began to see the necessity for doing something towards the settlement of these claims. The chief difficulty was with the king. In the beginning of 1829 he "manifested much uneasiness and irritation, and had hitherto shown no disposition to relax the opposition he had manifested towards the Catholics." In the life of Lord Eldon, the conversations between him and the king in March and April 1829 are reported. The king said, "He was miserable and wretched, and that his situation was dreadful;" "that if he gave his assent to the Roman Catholic relief-bill, he would go to the baths abroad, and from thence to Hanover; that he would never return to England; and that his subjects might get a Catholic king in the Duke of Clarence." He told Lord Eldon on the 28th of March, that "Mr. Canning would never,—and that he engaged he would never,—allow him to be troubled about the Catholic question. He blamed all the ministers who had retired upon Canning's appointment, representing in substance that their retirement and not he had made Canning minister." This infamous falsehood of the king Peel softens down as a *misapprehension*. "I am very confident," says he, "that Mr. Canning would not have accepted office, having entered into any engagement, or given any assurances, which would have the effect of placing his government and himself in that relation to George IV. with respect to the Catholic question in which preceding ministers stood to George III."

It was, however, generally believed that the king, when Canning became minister, had given personal assurances to the Archbishop of Canterbury and other bishops that his opinions on the Catholic question were the same as those of his father, and that he would never consent to the repeal of the disabilities. Sir Robert gives us an extract of the king's letter to him on the subject, in which he says as much.

The Duke of Wellington, finding the king so difficult to deal with, tried what he could do with the bishops; but they would not lend their sanction to a settlement. He began almost to despair of success, fearing that the king would make a public declaration of his *conscientious scruples* and *religious obligations* to maintain the disabilities, backed as he was by the Protestant Church and the House of Lords.

At length, on the 12th of January 1829, Peel, "convinced

that the Catholic question must be settled without delay," "resolved that no act of his should obstruct or retard its settlement; and, impressed with the strongest feelings of attachment to the Duke of Wellington," was determined not to insist on retirement from office, should the duke feel his co-operation indispensable; though stating how glad he should be were he allowed to do so, as he must otherwise conduct through the House of Commons a measure to which he had been uniformly opposed: and he gives us a most masterly statement of his views,—the reasons why he considered no other course possible. The duke told him his co-operation was indispensable, and he remained in office at his earnest entreaty.

All the ministers being now agreed, their opinion was communicated to the king, who gave his consent that his cabinet should consider the whole state of Ireland, and submit their views to his majesty; he still reserving his consent to the measure. Every body seemed to think Peel's statement a most argumentative one except the king, who gave a very reluctant consent to the speech from the throne.

Then came Peel's resignation of his seat, and subsequent defeat at Oxford, and his election for Westbury. Peel resumed his seat on the 3d of March, and gave notice that he would on the 5th call the attention of the House to that part of the royal speech which referred to the Catholic claims. On the same evening the king commanded the attendance of the duke, Sir Robert, and the lord chancellor, at an early hour on the following morning. They found him "grave, and apparently labouring under some anxiety and uneasiness." He said "he could not possibly consent to any alteration of the ancient oath of supremacy." Ministers said that "if they did not propose a substitute for it as regards the Catholics, it would be an effectual bar to their enjoyment of civil privileges." The king replied that, "be that as it might, he never would consent to any alteration," and was sorry ministers had *misapprehended* him. They said they were sorry they had done so. . Nobody is safe with a liar. The king was always *misapprehending* his ministers, or they *misapprehending* him. The king said he must withdraw his consent, which was given under an erroneous impression, but now disapproved of by his deliberate and conscientious judgment. He then asked them what they should do: one and all said they should resign. The king expressed his regret; and so the matter ended.

Thus the ministers actually resigned office. Lord Eldon says that the king, in speaking of this interview, told him that he had never seen the bill, never given his consent; but

merely said "Go on," after a five hours' conversation, when he was so tired he did not know what he said. Sir Robert says dryly, that Lord Eldon must have *misunderstood* his majesty. The king did not say, "Go on;" but actually dismissed the ministry.

"A sudden change, however, took place in the king's intentions. At a late hour in the evening on the 4th of March, the king wrote a letter to the Duke of Wellington, informing him that his majesty anticipated so much difficulty in the attempt to form another administration, that he could not dispense with our services; that he must therefore desire us to withdraw our resignation; and that we were at liberty to proceed with the measures of which notice had been given in Parliament."

Thus was the measure carried, together with two other acts: one for the suppression of the forty-shilling freeholders, and the other of the Association. We should be curious to learn what made the king so pertinaciously object to any measure of Catholic relief, and only consent at last through fear of the consequences of refusal, affirming afterwards that he was taken by surprise. That conscience had any thing to do with it, *credat Judæus Apella, non ego*. We suspect that, in the "pestilent secret influence" of his mistress, combined with a detestation of any body who interfered with his selfish love of ease, will be found the true solution.

With regard to the leading statesmen of all parties during the regency, with the exception of Lords Wellesley and Castlereagh, there does not seem to have been one among them worthy of the name. They were all actuated by little party jealousies and intrigues towards each other, and utter subserviency towards the prince, rather than any regard to the interests of the country. Lord Wellington often wrote to his friends complaining of "his majesty's wretched advisers,"—men who considered it much more important to supply their employer with money for his debaucheries than to send it to the duke in the Peninsula.

And yet those times ended gloriously for England. There seem to us to be two reasons for this. The first, the splendid military talents of the Duke of Wellington, who carried on the war against France with success, not by the assistance of, but in spite of, the English ministry. The second, the unquestionable talents of Lady Hertford, whose influence, disgraceful though it was to all parties concerned and to the country, was yet, after her own whims and caprices were gratified, not wholly of a selfish character. We may also take into account the talents of Lord Castlereagh in the Foreign

Office, who put in practice the lessons he had learned from Pitt.

But what shall we say of the coryphæus of these would-be statesmen,—this *verna Canopi*—this tailors' ambulant advertising manikin—this barber's block, fit only for the exhibition of the effects of some patent pomatum—this *matutino sudans Crispinus amomo*? The Duke of Buckingham, indeed, endeavours to exalt his virtues. In the first place, he praises his choice of a mistress, and compares him, as he thinks advantageously, in that respect with one of his ancestors. "His great-great-grandfather, George I., is reported to have sought the apartments of a lady, a reputed favourite, and entertained himself the whole time of his stay by clipping with a pair of scissors paper into the shape of a well-known toy. His descendant, however, it may readily be believed did not amuse himself in a manner so puerile while enjoying the society of so clever a woman as the Marchioness of Hertford; but we have every reason to suppose that his employment was almost as *innocent*. He shaped politics instead of paper, and cut out cabinets instead of groups of ladies. Like Louis XIV., he may have sought the society of a *staid matron* as much for advice as amusement." We certainly never heard adultery defended before on the ground of the lady being a clever woman. Perhaps, though, the noble duke defends the prince on the principle of *quod turpe bonis Titio Seioque decebat Crispinum*,—that his immoral connection with Lady Hertford was a virtue rather than otherwise in comparison to the low and disgusting debaucheries to which he was addicted.

We are next informed that the prince was a liberal patron of artists of talent, and that "a large share of the pecuniary obligations he incurred went to form a gallery of paintings." We have no doubt of the fact; the duke might have also added, that he possessed a large assortment of jewelry. We have heard of other gentlemen of whom the same might be said, having received in exchange for their discounted bills one third pictures, one third jewels, and one third cash. We are also informed that his royal highness's taste for building encouraged architects, and effected a glorious architectural revolution in England. We have never seen the offspring of this taste. We only know of Regent Street and the Pavilion at Brighton; and we cannot perceive any remarkably good taste in those erections. We believe he did encourage some third-rate architect of the name of Wyatt, whose plebeian name, being too grating to royal ears, he changed to Wyatville.

The regent was also converted to true piety. "True piety superseded frivolous folly and glaring licentiousness.

The court participated largely in this improvement;—faultless character exacted the homage which for some time had too openly been given to mere personal attractions, and the admirable wife found a higher appreciation in society than had a few years previously been accorded to the fascinating favourite." What the duke means by this passage we do not know. If only "truly pious" people think more highly of their wives than they do of their mistresses, what must the ungodly be? Besides, the court became so "truly pious," that even Wilberforce condescended to dine there—on the understanding that nothing improper should be introduced till he went away. The fact is, this "true piety" means the support of a church-and-king administration, and shouting No Popery. The indulgence in little foibles is no impediment at all to it. Certainly, in this view of the case, George IV. was a "truly pious" king. Piety has a variety of meanings. When out shooting the other day, we heard a gamekeeper tell his master that some notorious poacher had "turned pious," that is, he had not been caught poaching for some time.

His royal highness, according to the Duke of Buckingham, never forsook a friend! any claim upon him was always sure to be attended to! The duke gives us one, and but one, example of this; and we assure our readers we do not know whether he means what he says ironically or no. There was a lawyer, very fond of the pleasures of the table, a witty boon-companion of the prince, who became very poor and wanted a place. His royal highness asked Lord Eldon to make him a master in Chancery. The chancellor said he could not conscientiously do it; but the prince persisted with such pertinacity, that at length Eldon was forced to yield.

We must here conclude. With regard to the *Duke of Buckingham's Memoirs*, we would recommend a more judicious selection of the important letters they contain, and a thorough revision of the editorial comments thereon; and with regard to the *Memoirs of Sir Robert Peel* (we have only as yet one small volume), we hope that no unnecessary delay, false delicacy, or mistaken reserve, will prevent the publication of all the papers Sir Robert has left to his trustees. They are much too important for concealment; they belong to history, and not to individuals.

Short Notices.

THEOLOGY, PHILOSOPHY, &c.

Questions of the Soul. By the Rev. I. T. Hecker. (New York, D. Appleton.) We had written a notice of this important work some months ago, but unfortunately it was mislaid; we are happy, however, now to have the opportunity of repairing our omission, and at the same time of announcing a supplementary volume by the reverend father, of the same character, but even wider in its interest, which may be expected during the summer or autumn.

The testimony of competent critics in favour of the present volume has been so unanimous, and its reception by the American public so encouraging—in England it is, we are afraid, still nearly unknown—that commendation on our part would be superfluous; we shall therefore confine ourselves to giving a description of the book, and the class to whom it is addressed.

The title, *Questions of the Soul*, well expresses the character of the work: it is an answer, not to the logical doubts of the mind, not to intellectual difficulties, but to those aspirations, those wants and emptinesses of heart and soul, which almost all feel, but which so few can express; the successful expression of which, however, constitutes a man a poet, a mouthpiece of humanity. It is from these speakers that Father Hecker culls his questions. Emerson and Longfellow and Tennyson are, in his eyes, but the spokesmen of the present generation in all that relates to the generally mute aspirations of the soul. Hence his book seems at first a nosegay of scraps of poetry; it is only on attentive perusal that the scientific arrangement of the questions, and the philosophic system which is gradually evolved in answer to them, will make itself clear to the mind. The subject, being one rather of the feelings and emotions than of the intellect, is necessarily somewhat dim and misty; we are only surprised at the clearness of head which enables a man with such success to translate the language of the heart into terms of the brain.

In answer to the *Questions of the Soul*, of which he acknowledges the legitimacy and encourages the expression, Father Hecker shows that man has a destiny—that his end is God—that his life is divine—that Jesus Christ is the complement of man, the restorer of the race—that the Catholic Church is the manifestation of Jesus Christ, the organ by which He perpetuates His life on earth, the organ of man's restoration, which affords him the opportunity of becoming Christian without violating the laws of his reason, or stifling the dictates of his conscience; which alone can guide man to his destiny, is alone adequate to all the wants of his heart, and which alone in her religious orders opens a pathway to those nobler souls who seek a perfect life.

The defect of the book is inherent in its original conception, and consists in its being addressed to so limited a class. Poll the world, and how many souls do you find really pining with these mystic aspirations? The author has to pass by the "wide world," and "the busy marts where men think only of their gold and silver," and to speak to those souls alone which are so constituted that the common life and objects of men have no attractions for them—who look for nobler modes of being and a more spiritual life. But, perhaps, even after this limitation,

his audience need not be so few as we should at first sight suppose it to be ; perhaps all men, the most thoughtless votary of pleasure, the hardest man of business, have at some time of their lives felt this mystic call : while the influence is on them, while the grace works within them, they cannot do better than read Father Hecker's book.

But if this was all the Catholic missionary had to say, he might successfully talk to such people as Callista, who has within her beautiful soul the void, the great yawning gulf which only grace can fill up ; but what is he to do with such men as Jucundus, who never had an aspiration beyond nature, and are entirely contented with their pig-life ? Yet the Catholic Church ought to be able to speak to them as well as to the others.

In order to meet the wants of the more intellectual persons of this class, Father Hecker is preparing a work of even a wider interest than the *Questions of the Soul*, in which he intends to show that the dogmas of the Catholic faith are as needful to man's reason as the sacraments of the Church to his heart. Every reason must at some time be troubled by questions of religion ; certain convictions on the being of a God and on the responsibility of man will break in ; nature itself teaches that loyalty is due to these convictions, and nature has not lost its dignity, nor reason its value ; man is still substantially good, insomuch that still " whatsoever contradicts reason contradicts God."

But, after all, reason can here only ask questions which she cannot answer. Is this because of the weakness of reason ? " No ! the cry of reason for revelation is the title of her grandeur ! The great God alone is equal to satisfy her capacity !" This capacity for God is the highest of our faculties ; and as no capacity can be exercised without its own object ; " as the material world is necessary to the exercise and development of our physical nature ; as other human beings are necessary to the exercise of our human and social faculties,—so is contact with God necessary to the exercise of our god-like or religious nature." But nature cannot produce God, she can only receive Him ; hence the necessity of revelation ; and hence, finally, the nature and measure of God's revelation is the nature and measure of man's destiny. Thus revelation is not only a moral, but also a philosophical necessity.

Here will come in the Church as the organ of this revelation. The necessity of her infallibility, her catholicity, and of her other " notes." But first the counterfeit forms of Christianity will be examined, and will be interrogated on the value of reason and of human nature, on the power of man's will, and the like. The Protestant doctrine on the fall of man will be developed ; and it will appear, as Möhler has shown so clearly, that it results in the entire repudiation and destruction of man. Protestantism will be proved to be historically and scientifically impossible. The Catholic Church alone will remain ; and here the author will show in detail the analogy of the dogmas of faith and the dictates of reason.

We owe an apology to the reverend father for having made use of a private communication to describe his intentions with regard to an unpublished work ; but as we had unreservedly stated the limited applicability of his former work, we considered that we were bound to show that he knew the defect as well as ourselves, and that he is preparing a supplementary book, which we have no doubt will more than satisfy the high expectations which his former volume excites and justifies. The *Questions of the Soul*, in a word, is a book of such unquestionable superiority, that criticism is quite disarmed in its presence, and has nothing to do but to notify its existence, and to recommend persons to read it.

MISCELLANEOUS LITERATURE.

The History of Sedgley Park School. By F. C. Husenbeth, D.D., an old Parker. 12mo. (London, Richardson.) The provost of the chapter of Northampton has been long before the Catholic public, who are always ready to welcome a new work from his pen. The present volume, though of a lighter character than his other books, and appealing more to reminiscences of academical fellowship than to the interests of the general reader, has many elements of real worth. The author commences with a general review of Catholic education. "It would be a natural and desirable introduction to a history of the school of Sedgley Park, to give some account of such Catholic schools as existed in England previously to its establishment. For this, however, the materials are very scanty. It was a wonder how Catholics contrived, after the melancholy subversion of their religion in this country, to obtain any education at all; for they could neither learn nor teach without exposure to severe penalties. The Catholic parent was liable to a fine of ten pounds a month if he had his children taught by a Catholic; and the Catholic schoolmaster to pay two pounds a-day. And if parents sent their children to Catholic schools abroad, they must forfeit 100*l.*; and their children could possess no lands or goods, nor could they inherit legacies. Catholics, however, did obtain Catholic education in defiance of these inhuman laws, and in the face of formidable obstacles."

After an enumeration of the asylums they found in foreign countries, accessible only to persons of some fortune, Dr. Husenbeth proceeds to glean the scanty records of the few attempts which were made to provide education for other classes; these were comparatively insignificant, for "the state of Catholics was one of political degradation and exclusion, and their constant exposure to persecutions and penalties necessarily rendered their scholastic establishments small and secluded."

Bishop Challoner was the first who attempted to supply the deficiency on a larger scale; and it was not without some opposition. Nearly forty years ago, the writer of the present notice was acquainted with an old English Catholic, who had then lived more than eighty years, and had seen the days of persecution, and who related more than once that, when Bishop Challoner communicated his project to some members of the Catholic aristocracy, they received it with great coldness and disapprobation; urged the imprudence of the step, predicted its certain failure, and refused their co-operation. The bishop replied, that they might afford or withhold their co-operation as they pleased, but that the attempt should assuredly be made, and that it would as assuredly succeed. The attempt was made, and did succeed. The "park" was rented from Lord Dudley, who had to defend himself in parliament for the crime of having "let his house for a Popish school." "Providence watched over the infant establishment with singular care and protection;"—it succeeded marvellously, and now has a new success in having an annalist like Dr. Husenbeth,—happier in this than our foreign colleges, the memory of which has in great measure perished,

"carent quia vate sacro."

Our historian is in the best sense of the word an enthusiast. He has collected, from all sources that have fallen in his way, various incidents in the fortunes of the school and the lives of its alumni,—all of which will to the "Parker" be full of interest. "Few, indeed, who have had their

education there have left it without retaining a strong affection for the old place." This is a strong recommendation for any school; an Alma Mater that retains its hold of the heart must have very solid merits. Such scholars will no doubt feel great interest in details which to indifferent readers may appear trivial:—how at first the establishment was confined to the "high house,"—gradually extended to the east,—augmented by the chapel above and the play-room below,—enlarged in its play-ground by the exchange of the "platts" for the "famous 'park-bounds,' the dimensions of which have continued since unchanged." The mention of these bounds excites the enthusiasm of the annalist. "How many pleasurable recollections arise to the mind of a 'Parker' when he thinks of the old 'bounds,' the scene of so many sports and joys and light-hearted pursuits in the golden morning of life! He can, perhaps, as the writer would undertake to do for himself, recall some incident of every square yard of that beloved and well-remembered space of ground. His old companions, his favourite games, his playthings, his adventures in the little-chequered day of youth,—all come back when he treads again, though but in fancy, the park-bounds."

The school seems to have been generally fortunate in its excellent presidents. It is, indeed, remarked of Mr. Blount, that though "a pious priest and zealous missionary, he laboured under the disadvantage of not being educated at the school." It is certainly a disadvantage, when a good traditional spirit has been acquired, to risk its continuance by introducing a preponderating extraneous influence; it was doubtless some such consideration as this, not a way of looking at a diocese as a close corporation, which influenced Pope St. Celestine I., who took care *ne in creandis Episcopis, extranei emeritis in suâ ecclesiâ clericis præporentur*.

The distinguishing excellence of Catholic schools is the careful moral and spiritual training, which is usually superintended by a priest specially appointed for the purpose. Sedgley Park was particularly happy in these directors; of one of them, Mr. Walsh, the present writer can speak from long personal experience, as being truly a man of God, singly devoted to the promotion of His honour and the extension of His kingdom. "His arrival," says Dr. Husenbeth, "soon produced a marked improvement in the religious department, and created quite a new spirit of piety among the boys. His aspect gave at once the impression of his character as a holy man, and his preaching and catechetical instruction were full of zeal and unction, which could not fail of producing fruit." He taught the boys to meditate, lent them spiritual books, of which he had a selection to lend out in play-time, improved their behaviour in chapel, and caused them to frequent the sacraments. Mr. Bowden, another of the directors, is praised in similar terms, and his death affectingly described.

The present writer can testify, that during a residence of something more than four years among more than 160 boys of different ages, and from every part of England, as well as from Wales, Ireland, and the colonies, he heard only one equivocal expression that savoured of immorality. Except this, he never heard one word, or witnessed one action, of an immoral character. "Every encouragement," writes Dr. H., "was given to devotion and piety at that spot, which has been ever so remarkable for the sound religious instruction, and the singular innocence and purity of morals, of the youth trained up within its happy precincts."

Dr. Husenbeth gives a list of some of the spiritual books formerly used at the school, and laments that many of them, as well as "our good old prayer-books," have been suffered to go out of print. He regrets

them, as the books which nourished the piety of his predecessors and contemporaries, and which contributed to that mental discipline which maintained the credit of the school.

Dr. Husenbeth seems to have forgotten another source of information which the boys enjoyed,—that of secular works, which were lent to them at their own selection, and with which they occupied so many spare moments of their time, and laid up a store of information suited to their own taste.

Among the students enumerated by the author are the present Bishop of Beverley, whose arrival increased the number of boys to 160,—since raised to 212. His Latin class was formed February 10, 1802, and consisted of about twelve boys, two of whom are now bishops, and three priests.

In a modest preface, Dr. Husenbeth needlessly deprecates criticism, which, we assure him, would never think of attacking a work like this. We have been amused with his reminiscences of the cant terms used in the little world of the school, which might even afford exercise to the brains of a philologist, and which force into the memory the “cruelly sweet” recollection of days of innocence—“sweet and mournful to the soul.”

No “Parker,” we suppose, will allow himself to be without this book. To all those who value the scanty records of the struggles of the Church in this country towards the close of the age of persecution none of its details will be uninteresting. “It gives,” writes a Protestant clergyman, “a most admirable account of people and times of which we know nothing, and an account so interesting, that when once commenced, it cannot be left off. The style of the book is most attractive, and the manner in which it is got up is quite admirable.” With this testimony we conclude.

Catechism, Doctrinal, Moral, Historical, and Liturgical. Compiled by the Rev. P. Power. (Dublin, Richardson and Son.) Mr. Power has here commenced a work which we have long wished to see accomplished. His catechism is compiled from some of the best French works, and is a really theological and philosophical work. We recommend it to all schoolmasters and teachers, in the expectation that it will be completed as satisfactorily as it is begun. It is, indeed, on so satisfactory a plan, that we must suggest one or two amendments, which would hardly be worth mentioning in a less important undertaking. One of these is, the substitution of the second person *singular* for the second person *plural* in the prayers which are occasionally introduced; the former being the form of respect in English, while it is the language of familiarity in French. The other is, the revision of such little statements as we find at p. 88 about doctors and materialism, which may have been once true in France, but certainly are not so now in England and Ireland. Materialists are found pretty equally in all classes.

Ailey Moore ; a Tale of the Times. By Father Baptist. (Dolman.) The zealous and active ecclesiastic who writes under the *nom-de-guerre* of F. Baptist has made a successful inroad into the domain of Carleton, Banim, and Mrs. S. C. Hall. *Ailey Moore* is a story of proselytism, love, abduction, assassination, and repentance, showing in many respects a very manifest genius for fiction. We cannot say much for Father Baptist’s young ladies and gentlemen, nor has he caught the precise character of the slang of the Reformation-Society people; but the bulk of his story is occupied with other and more interesting personages. He is at home among the poor; and he knows well the character of the

thorough-paced Irish scoundrel. These he has painted so cleverly, that we think he will be encouraged to make a second essay in the same direction.

The History of Jean Paul Choppart, or the Surprising Adventures of a Runaway. (The Entertaining Library. Lambert and Co.) The young vagabond whose disasters and reformation are described in this cleverly-illustrated translation is just the sort of scapegrace to be interesting to children. The humour is *bona fide*, and of that practical kind which suits boys and girls. It has been very popular in France; and being perfectly harmless, may be safely recommended to the juvenility of England.

The Lion-killer. (Condensed edition. Lambert and Co.) A new and cheaper issue of M. Gérard's marvellous lion-killing adventures.

Sonnets, chiefly Astronomical, and other Poems. By the Rev. J. A. Stothert. (Edinb., Marsh and Beattie.) The idea of an astronomical sonnet will to many persons appear scarcely more attractive than a "Euclid done into blank verse." The reader, however, who can get beyond the title of Mr. Stothert's little volume will find in these pleasingly-written sonnets the marks of a refined and meditative mind, and a great deal of feeling for the poetic aspect of the discoveries of science. We may take as a fair specimen of his powers the second sonnet on "Frost;" though the *eighth* line is feeble and misplaced, as far as the meaning is concerned:

"Low in his last repose my friend is laid,
His face all-tranquil as the frozen lake
When suns are veiled, nor faintest motions break
Its stony calm; dear lines of meaning fade
Where sweetest thought would cast a fleeting shade,
The ingenuous crimson kindle as he spake,
And round his eye the dawning smile awake,
Where, late, expression's signs the soul obeyed.
Beauty is here, but under strange eclipse,
Blank as the icy river in its bed;
The bloodless cheek, veiled eye, and sealed lips,
Proclaim dark winter's empire o'er the dead.
Of brighter life to come, immortal seeds
Await their spring beneath these funeral weeds."

Cardinals Wolsey and Fisher. (London, Shean.) This is the substance of Mr. Gawthorn's lecture at the Metropolitan Catholic Institute. The chief facts in the lives of the two cardinals are neatly put together.

Eva O'Beirne; O'Hara Blake; Clare Costelloe, &c. By Brother James. (Dublin, Duffy.) Twelve little stories for children and the poor, especially adapted to the present condition of Ireland. They are genuine, and not "got up." We have not read them all; but they seem a very useful kind of thing for their purpose, and are particularly well printed and illustrated, considering what Catholic books too often look like.

A Summer in Northern Europe. By Selina Bunbury. 2 vols. (Hurst and Blackett.) A lady-like, scented, drawing-room kind of book, full of anecdotes and legends of Sweden, Finland, and the Baltic; interesting and agreeable, but not of much value to the serious reader, who reads in order to learn. Miss Bunbury is never disagreeable, and that is much for a Catholic to say of Protestant writers.

The Holy Places, a Narrative of Two Years' Residence in Jerusalem and Palestine. By Hanmer Z. Dupuis. 2 vols. (London, Hurst and

Blackett.) *The Holy Places*, by Dupuis, is a tempting title, suggesting a French view of that most interesting question which was the first occasion of the late war. But let not our readers be deceived: Mr. Dupuis is an Englishman, he dedicates his book to Dr. Gobat, the Anglican bishop at Jerusalem; his language is so difficult, that it is a labour to read it; and the kernel is fusty after you have cracked the nut. Here are his reflections on the opening of the mosques of Omar and of St. Sophia to Franks:

“Thus the flood-gates which were hitherto closed against Christians in matters of interest, at least to the learned, are being unbarred, happily it is thought by many, doubtfully it is felt by some, and if a thing desirable either for Christian or Moslem, then let us add hopefully for all—all who understand the spirit of the two faiths; but particularly that of the Koran, and the commentaries upon it.”

As a general rule, we suppose that a man who cannot say what he has to tell intelligibly has nothing to tell worth attending to.

California: its Gold and its Inhabitants. In 2 vols. (Newby.) A light and amusing work, by the agent of one of the speculating companies got up in London for working the Californian gold-mines. The concentrated essence of American scoundrelism that may be witnessed in that region is well described by our author. Such deliberate murders, such unscrupulous executions, especially of poor Indians, without any evidence, and such heartless descriptions of the villanies in the local newspapers, never distinguished any nation before. Indian arrows stuck into the bodies of murdered men, and the poor Indians hunted and hanged by the murderers, to screen their own guilt; assassinations in courts of justice, gambling-houses, and every conceivable place; doctors squabbling for the bodies of executed men before they are quite dead,—these are but ordinary events. California is a place for rogues to get money, and honest men to lose it;—if, indeed, honest men are to be found where the exaggerated respect paid to women is enforced by those of the vilest reputation, and where no conversation is heard not interlarded with the most fearful species of obscene blasphemy.

Revelations of Prison Life. By G. L. Chesterton. 2 vols. (Hurst and Blackett.) Mr. Chesterton was for twenty-five years the governor of Cold-Bath-Fields prison; and during that time he appears to have raised it from one of the worst to one of the best prisons in the country. His book, in spite of sundry defects of style, contains a very interesting account of the reformation of penitentiary discipline, and is enlivened with several curious anecdotes of convict-life. It is just such a book as Mr. Digby would have been delighted to quote in his *Lover's Seat*, and is well worth reading by any one who desires to know how our “dangerous classes” live.

Memorials of his Time. By Henry Cockburn. (Edinburgh, A. and C. Black.) When Scot lauds Scot, the oil-flask is in requisition, and the butter is spread with no sparing hand. With this drawback, the book before us is excessively amusing, and contains a greater store of anecdotes than most books of the kind. Edinburgh was certainly a brilliant place when it was illuminated by the youthful wit of Walter Scott, Jeffrey, Brougham, Sidney Smith, and the rest; and we may well pardon the memorial-writer for the rose-colour of his reminiscences of that era.

Wanderings in North Africa. By James Hamilton. (London, J. Murray.) This is a very interesting book of travels in the territory of the ancient Pentapolis, or Cyrenaica, a tract in the north of Africa

where nature is as beautiful as she can be, where the remains of ancient civilisation are imposing and numerous, but where the modern population realises the Mahometan fanaticism which travellers of two centuries ago describe to us. The author, we presume, is the unfortunate Abbé Hamilton, who was well known to English visitors in Rome some eight or ten years ago, and who since then has been engaged in travelling in the East, till he was arrested and put on his trial for sedition at Tripoli, and condemned to death; though his punishment, at the urgent request of the European consuls, has been commuted to perpetual imprisonment in a Turkish jail,—a fate worse than death itself, unless it is buoyed up by the hope of a successful intercession of the European governments with the Sultan in his behalf. As Mr. Hamilton has strong claims on the scientific societies of England, we hope that they will represent his case to the government.

Letters on Turkey: an Account of the Religious, Political, Social, and Commercial Condition of the Ottoman Empire. Translated from the French of M. A. Ubicini, by Lady Easthope. 2 vols. (London, Murray.) Ubicini is, we believe, the great authority for the statistics of Turkey. As to the theories which he builds on his facts, they are simply abominable. Doubtless Turkey is (relatively) an agreeable place to fugitive Italians and Hungarians, who have incurred the penalties of treason in their own country, and are able to gain the highest places in their adopted land by a mere change of a religion which was no more a portion of their souls than their paletots were part of their bodies—which, in fact, it cost them no more to change than to assume the fez instead of the hat. We do not mean to imply that Mr. Ubicini is one of these renegades, but only that he speaks as one; he has the same notion that “liberty, equality, and fraternity,” is the one symbol of true religion; that this is to be found in Turkey, not in Austria; therefore that Turkish religion is better than Austrian, Mahometanism than Christianity, the Koran than the Bible. Therefore, again, that the raïahs are very well off in Turkey, not oppressed, not in continual fear of spies, but living in as great liberty as their poor natures can possibly enjoy. Turkey, in fact (*teste* Ubicini), seems the best-governed, most prosperous, and most progressive state in the world; those who say the contrary being mere bigots, blinded by prejudice.

The Island of Cuba. By Alexander von Humboldt. Translated from the Spanish, with Notes, and a preliminary Essay, by T. S. Thrasher. (London, Sampson Low and Son; New York, Derby and Jackson, 1856.) The translator of Baron von Humboldt's work on Cuba, feeling that a good account of the island was wanted in the English language, has given us this, as being in his opinion the best work on the subject. Mr. Thrasher is an American citizen, and has written a long preliminary essay on the Cuban question, which in the present state of feeling between England and America we think should be noticed, if only to show the hostile feeling of a large class of Americans towards us.

Cuba is the key of the commerce of the New World. The power that holds it can block up the Gulf of Mexico, shut up the navigation of 20,000 miles of rivers, and compel all intercourse between the Atlantic and Pacific coasts of North America to be carried on round Cape Horn. Its position renders it the natural depositary of the productions of a great part of the New World, as well as the stepping-stone for its invaders. This naturally makes the Americans uneasy, as it may not always be held by such a weak power as Spain.

The interests of the colony and the mother-country never can be

identical. England has been for a long time endeavouring to raise the condition of the slave population by means of a convention with Spain. This the Spanish government, knowing the ruin caused in Jamaica, most wisely resisted. Lord Palmerston even tried to dictate the laws they were to make for the government of their colonies—not, we may be sure, from any love to the slaves, but to render them turbulent and dissatisfied, and a thorn in the side of the Americans should they get possession of the island. The revolutionary government, however, lately established in Spain submitted to the dictation of England. They sent out the Marquis de Pezuela as captain-general, who attempted to carry out some of the measures pronounced satisfactory by the British government; but he only excited the black population, and disgusted the white. The Cubans were so hostile to any sort of emancipation, that the government, afraid of a revolution, recalled the marquis, and appointed General Concha in his place. The inhabitants said the scheme of introducing the mad ideas of English philanthropy must end in an exterminating war of races. If this should happen, the Americans would certainly assist the whites. Thus England, according to this writer, does not hesitate to promote the social ruin of Cuba, in order to prevent the advance of the American confederacy in that direction. If the slave states gain Cuba, Lord Palmerston, they say, has spitefully determined that they shall only gain a loss. England must not suppose this is only a question of the southern states. The annexation of Cuba is a necessity to both north and south—it is a question of national defence, and the safety of domestic intercourse. The attempt to emancipate the slaves of Cuba is a declaration of war against the United States, for its effect would be to impoverish and threaten America. The great contest between democracy and constitutional monarchy must soon come, and should be no longer deferred. Such are Mr. Thrasher's representations of American feeling.

Baron Humboldt's history will be found as valuable as the other works of that accurate and observant writer.

FOREIGN LITERATURE.

Du Suicide, et de la Folie suicide,—On Suicide and Suicidal Insanity. By A. Briere de Boismont. (Paris, Ballière.) We notice this curious and valuable addition to vital statistics only to transcribe the conclusion of the preliminary essay, which bears a memorable testimony to the power of the Catholic religion:

“Having now considered suicide in ancient times, the middle ages, and the present period, we are warranted in asserting the following conclusions:—1. the ages of paganism, by their religious and philosophical doctrines, which were essentially pantheistical, were particularly favourable to the development of suicide; 2. during the middle ages, on the contrary, the establishment of the Christian religion, and the predominance of religious sentiments and spiritual philosophy, had a great effect in arresting the progress of suicide; 3. but in modern times, the increase of infidelity, scepticism, and indifference, has given a new impulse to the crime of self-destruction.”